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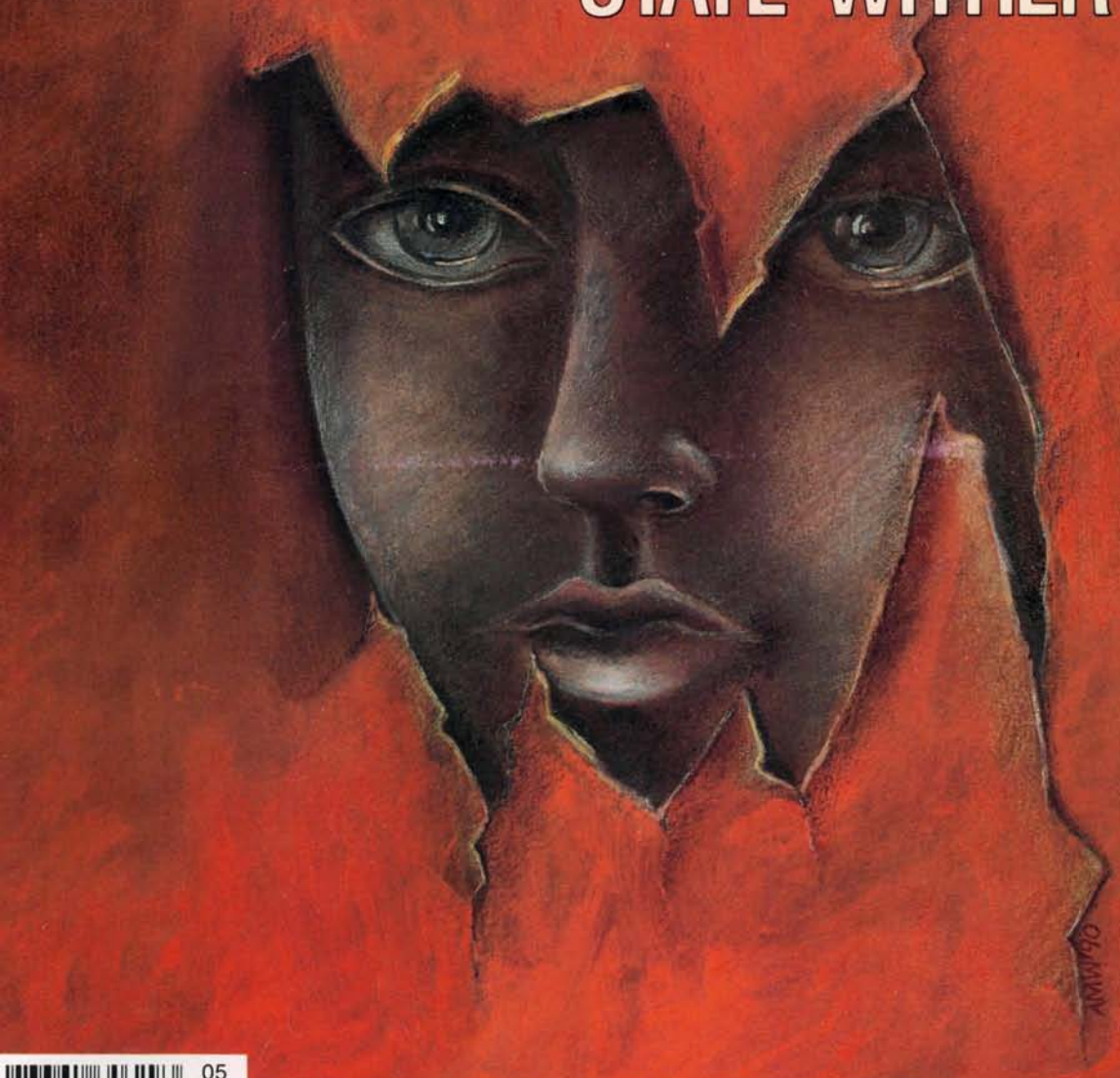

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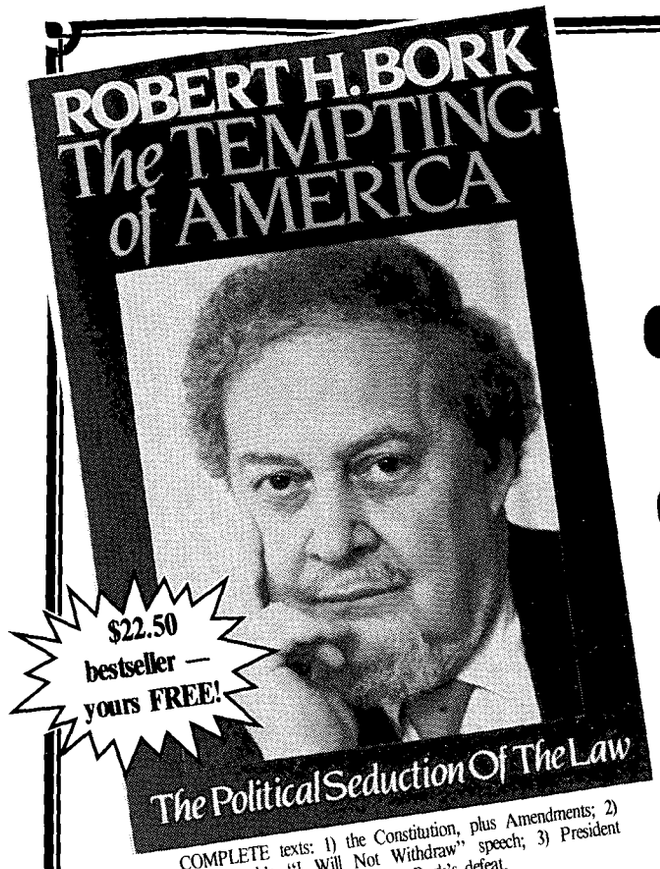

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

"Nothing is better than peace, in which all war, of heavenly and earthly creatures, is ceased."
—St. Ignatius of Antioch

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE
Vol. 14, No. 5 May 1990

Charlotte Low Allen Replies:

Instead of refuting me, Mr. Cassell (Polemics & Exchanges, April 1990) has merely offered a loving paraphrase of George Gilder's book, with whole phrases lifted straight out of Gilder's exuberantly zany prose. Or rather, he has offered a paraphrase of the first and last chapters of *Microcosm*, for few readers have actually managed to "tunnel" their way quantum-style through all the techie-talk of the book's impenetrable and distinctly non-user-friendly middle. I did, and believe me, it was murder.

Most of Gilder's mind-over-matter observations in *Microcosm* are scarcely original. It seems pretty obvious that most of the value of human inventions, from paleolithic flint arrowheads to cellular telephones, has always lain not in their raw materials, but in the human vision and ingenuity that has gone into fashioning them. That is why van Gogh's *Irises* is worth 53 million times the cost of its oil paint and canvas. The notion that what we used to think of as solid matter is actually empty space and flying subatomic particles is something I learned in my high-school chemistry class. I learned about quantum mechanics and the Heisenberg uncertainty principle in my freshman Western Civ class at Stanford (that was back before Western culture had to go). What's new about Gilder, I guess, is that he believes subatomic particles are actually eentsy-teentsy ideas, "a form of thought," as Mr. Cassell puts it.

Frankly, I have yet to see much of the "creativity" that the microprocessor revolution is supposed to have "unleashed." True, we have some wonderful new machines, but around them, our culture seems to be disintegrating into ignorance and anomie rather than crescendoing to that happy future Gilder foresees. I just can't equate Nintendo with Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Part of the reason for the bland, crude, glutted quality of contemporary life seems to be a contempt for the past that is the cornerstone of all modernist theorizing, including Gilder's, from the Enlightenment to this day. And, if "the law of the microcosm demands that we eschew all forms of materialism," as Mr. Cassell says, how come Silicon Valley moguls rush out to acquire fancy houses in Los Altos, concubines, and powerful cars?

Don't get me wrong—I appreciate computers. I am writing this reply on one (I scarcely know how to use a typewriter anymore), and when I am finished, I intend to fax it to *Chronicles*. But I refuse to believe that I am in the grip of "a powerful law of nature now at work in our world, one that has already changed us in ways we do not fully comprehend." I prefer to think that I have free will. I don't understand the current fascination with "powerful" and "remorseless" Hegel-style grand historical forces that are supposed to be running our lives. I thought that kind of determinism went out with Marx, but it now seems to be back in style with the end-of-history crowd. That is why, if I am supposed to be part of the "revolt against the microcosm," count me in.

On 'The Agony of Gorbachev'

May I subjoin to Mr. Ragsdale's admirable lexicographic efforts (February 1990) one further example? It is not mine: I take it from the advertising for *Nina's Journey: A Memoir of Stalin's Russia and the Second World War* by Nina Markovna.

"To a Russian, *glasnost* does not mean 'openness,' for which there is a specific word, *otkritost*. Rather, it means 'voice-giving.' In the past, when most people could not read, a man would walk from house to house, from street to street, shouting into a long horn, and in this way would 'glasit' the current news and information to the populace, hence the word *glasnost*."

So, *glasnost* is whatever comes out of the loudspeaker!

—*R.W. Odlin*
Sedro-Woolley, WA

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WITH THE COLD WAR "over," social engineers are scrambling for the "peace dividend"—the bonanza of cash expected to derive from a winding down of military expenditures that have been allocated to defend against the Soviet military threat. Regardless of the status of the Cold War and of the Soviet threat, and that is by no means clear, surely defense spending will decline in the next few years. The times are just that way. What shall we do with the money?

Of course, there will be no "extra" money to spend, since the federal budget has been operating at a deficit of hundreds of billions of dollars throughout the 1980's. Our cumulative federal deficit is over $2 trillion, almost 40 percent of our annual production of goods and services, our Gross National Product (GNP). The interest payment alone on the federal debt last year was over $200 billion. This is one federal expenditure that is strangling our country. But as any social engineer worth his salt will tell you, it's all a matter of priorities. It's better to educate the ignorant and house the homeless than to pay off the deficit. After all, we've had a deficit for many years and survived, but if we don't upgrade our "human capital" now, we are going to spend more later for social services to help or house the ignorant, the unemployed, the needy, and the criminal.

While our consciences are being pricked by this type of threatening rhetoric, we would be wise to review the growth of government social welfare expenditures since 1950. Total social welfare expenditures, including social insurance, public aid, education, housing, and health care, came to $23 billion in 1950, about 8.2 percent of our GNP. In 1987 government spent $834 billion, about 18.8 percent of our GNP. In other words, in 1987 we spent 36 times more on social welfare than in 1950. Of course, our population has grown, inflation has cheapened the dollar, and the economy as a whole has grown. Nonetheless, the amount of government spending on social welfare as a percentage of GNP has increased almost 2½ times. Incidentally, U.S. military expenditure as a percentage of GNP went from 4.4 percent in 1950 to about 6 percent in 1987, with slight declines in the last several years. Soviet military expenditures in 1989 were somewhere between 16 percent and 20 percent of their GNP.

Most of the growth of government spending on social welfare has been at the federal level. In 1950 federal social spending was $10.5 billion, about 3.7 percent of GNP, while in 1987 federal spending leaped to $500 billion, about 11.3 percent of GNP. Federal spending on housing increased about 740 times, and spending on education increased 100 times. Undaunted, most social engineers would say that despite this increase in government spending, we still have a higher school dropout rate, a greater decline in educational achievement, and an increase in homelessness, drug use, teen pregnancy, violent crime, etc. They would say now, more than ever, we need to strengthen the government programs to deal with these problems.

The facts suggest a simpler conclusion, namely, that government social welfare programs have been counterproductive. They have increased over the last forty years the number of Americans with psychological, social, economic, and even physical problems who are now dependent on government. The actual beneficiaries are the growing armies of bureaucrats, social workers, and suppliers who receive the salaries, government pensions, and purchasing contracts to administer these programs.

The proposition that the growth of government has weakened the initiative and sense of social obligation of our citizenry is validated by the experience of Eastern Europeans. They have experienced the realities of governments that promise free education, free medical care, full employment, inexpensive housing and transportation, and guaranteed pensions. And yet the superiority of our democracy and free

Andrzej Czeczot

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enterprise roll off our lips so easily, even as the growth of our federal government supersedes and weakens private initiative, family integrity, local schools, charities, and communities. It would be ironic indeed if we did not see the lesson of Eastern Europe and apply it to our own society. It's time to roll back the welfare state; it may be the only long-term method to help the needy.

—*Michael Warder*

WILLIAM BENNETT, in a speech at Harvard, chided America's intellectuals for criticizing the war on drugs without having done their homework. As is his custom, Dr. Bennett laid down some bad news that was as well-founded as it was unwelcome. Notable among the poorly informed agitators to whom he referred are the advocates of drug legalization. When asked about the likelihood that their proposal, if adopted, would lead to greatly increased drug use, they tend to shrug the question off as speculation about a consequence that cannot be predicted.

A review of pertinent history suggests otherwise. In his new book, *Cocaine: The Great White Plague*, Gabriel Nahas writes of the epidemic of opium addiction that devastated China after Britain won the Opium Wars and forced China to rescind its drug ban in 1858. By the end of the century it is estimated that ninety million of China's three hundred million people were addicted.

In Spain, under the Franco regime, the laws imposed severe penalties for the possession of any amount of an illicit drug. That policy was extraordinarily effective, almost eliminating drug use among the Spanish population. The Socialist government, which came into power in 1982, did away with the stringent penalties and decriminalized the possession of drugs for personal use. In 1986 the *Chicago Tribune* decided to learn what happened as a result of the change. The Madrid police estimated that there were 100,000 heroin addicts in the nation, 30,000 of them in the capital city. Crime, they said, had also skyrocketed to 38,700 cases of "robbery with violence" in 1983, up from 3,700 cases seven years earlier. Moreover, according to the police, 75 percent of street crime was drug-related.

Nahas urges caution about legalization on other grounds, too, noting that the use of cannabis, cocaine, and heroin results in addiction much more frequently than the use of alcohol.

Two decades ago, the chief of staff of the largest psychiatric hospital in Europe told members of the U.S. Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse that his hospital no longer accepted heroin addicts as patients. The attraction of the drug was simply too strong for their professional services to overcome in most cases. With heroin, and cocaine, too, the desire to end the addiction, no matter how genuine and determined it is, is usually an insufficient force to produce a cure.

The most successful treatment programs for drug addiction involve residence in a community that is powerfully supportive of each individual and in which drug use is anathematized. Those are also the ingredients for the successful prevention of drug use—stigma and a community of shared ideals. Three years ago *60 Minutes* presented the story of the transformation of the Cochran public housing development in St. Louis from a disaster area beset by crime, drugs, vandalism, disrepair, filth, and vermin into a well-kept, proud residential community free of drugs and crime. The change was brought about by Bertha Gilkey, who led the residents first in obtaining authority to manage the buildings and then in establishing firm standards of right behavior that were rigorously enforced. Drug users were not permitted to remain as residents. "We are not a housing project!" asserted Bertha Gilkey. "We are a neighborhood!"—a community bound together by standards and ideals.

The world view that dominates the intellectual community places tolerance as the highest virtue. To condemn some personal action or habit as wrong and intolerable does not sit well with the opinion-makers who have labored to create a nonjudgmental culture. There are straws in the wind, however, that suggest the general populace is on Bertha Gilkey's side of this issue. On Geraldo Rivera's January 9 program, when a professional drug counselor said that America may need to "mobilize a militia against the tolerance of drug use," the audience cheered.

—*John A. Howard*

EUROPEANS ACCUSE Americans of being childocentric, and I guess I'd have to plead guilty. My nine-year-old daughter is the apple of my eye. I want her to live in a society that is moral and free, that looks as much as possible like the old American Republic, unsubverted by the welfare-warfare state and its allied cultural and religious apostasy.

As a paleo-libertarian, I don't see the government as useful in achieving this.

That does not mean I approve of everything I wouldn't outlaw. I see the traditional family as the essential building block of society, so I wish Elizabeth Taylor hadn't married nine times. But I wouldn't put her in jail for it.

I worry about drugs and children, but I'm convinced that when kids don't become addicts—and the vast majority outside of certain impoverished areas do not—it has everything to do with parents and religion, and little to do with the accessibility. Even in my quiet town, drugs are available to any young person who wants them, despite the police and the federal War on Drugs.

The choice is *not* between a society that is drug-free or drug-ridden. We have the latter already, despite billions in spending, thousands of agents, and hundreds of restrictions on our personal and financial liberties. Instead the choice is between a society where these problems are exacerbated by government, and one where they are not. (In fact, I would argue that just as Prohibition increased drunkenness, so the drug war has increased drug abuse. After nine years of a Reagan-Bush crackdown, we have more than *double* the amount of drugs available, by the government's own statistics, and they are more potent. Just as Prohibition gave bootleggers the incentive to produce high-profit, high-proof alcohol rather than less profitable but safer beer or wine, the drug war has led to the U.S. producing, for example, the most potent marijuana in the world. Not Jamaica. Not West Africa. But Northern California.)

If I could wave a magic wand and make illegal drugs disappear, I would gladly do so. But I do not have that wand, and neither does the govern-

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ment. The government does have a gun, however. But—just as during Prohibition—it is not capable of using it to suppress the traffic in substances people want, whether for good or ill.

The government cannot suppress adultery, for example, even though breaking the marriage covenant, with its consequent divorce, damaged children, and other shattered moral values, does even more harm than drugs.

Let's suppose that, knowing this, Jimmy Carter had launched a War on Infidelity.

The Federal Marital Enforcement Administration—in cooperation with vice squads at state and local levels—would institute national spying, and impose long prison sentences on those caught. Motels would be under surveillance, and couples would have to provide proof of marriage to check in. Mail would be opened and phones would be tapped. There would be 800-number informer lines. Even house parties would be watched. Who knows what could go on?

Next would come a massive federal education program, with grants from the National Institute of Marriage to favored intellectuals and activists. Rosalynn Carter would ask us to "Just Say No" to illicit liaisons, and the IRS would use them as an excuse to restrict financial privacy, since cash could be used to fund adultery without leaving a paper trail.

Would any of us think that family values could be protected, let alone enhanced, by such a system? Yet many Americans support fighting drugs in this manner, with exactly the same success that a federal marital crusade would have. Or rather, with even less success, since the war on drugs also reaps a harvest of violent crime that a war on adultery would not.

With drugs, people tend to fall into four categories: 1) those who would not use drugs even if they were free as well as legal; 2) those who might experiment in some limited way, but would never become addicts; 3) those who can become abusers, but can also be helped to abstain by moral and educational counseling; and 4) "natural" addicts.

Categories one and two are not societal problems. Category three should be the target of our anti-drug efforts, and medical and moral healing. Category four probably cannot be helped by any human means. As the Reagan and Bush administrations have shown, the government cannot make these pathetic individuals abstain. All it can do is make sure that they visit their misery on the innocent.

If decriminalizing drugs meant nothing more than drastically cutting street crime—and it would—we should support it. We cannot prevent addicts from using drugs, but we can make sure that they harm only themselves. And we can free the police to concentrate on crimes against innocent persons and their property.

As it is, the innocent are victimized not only by drug criminals but by the government. The Reagan and Bush anti-drug acts attack our liberties by eliminating the remnants of domestic bank privacy, restricting the honest use of cash, allowing unreasonable (and unconstitutional) searches and seizures of private property, constructing computer dossiers on every American, and expanding the powers and numbers of the IRS.

The Constitution outlaws excessive fines. Yet the feds seize cars, cash, airplanes, and yachts without a trial or even an indictment, and the victim must prove his innocence in an expensive civil trial. And now the Bush administration is pushing a United Nations drug treaty that would move us closer to world government by establishing an international police force and tax agency.

In 1913, when all now-banned substances were legal, there was no "national drug problem," but only individual abuse. Enforcing the moral law against these vices is the job of parents and churches, not politicians. To put them in charge is to abdicate our individual responsibilities, to fail abjectly, and to move closer to authoritarianism.

—*Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.*

A DEFENSE OF DRUG ADdicts—another one, in the pages of our family magazine? But defend them we must; this time from prohibitionists who would carry on the fight *in utero*. Recent cases in Wyoming and Michigan have seen pregnant women being brought up on charges of delivering drugs and alcohol to a minor—not through the chain-link fence of a city school yard, but through the umbilical cord. Of the thirty-odd cases that have cropped up nationwide, most have been dismissed or seen the charges dropped, though Jennifer Clarise Johnson in Florida was sentenced to 15 years probation in an action that is presently being appealed.

These cases pose grave problems no matter how you look at them. In a country in which abortion is still perfectly legal, perhaps it is the only-recently expressible frustration of some state attorneys general that has caused them to try to protect unborn children from one kind of abuse when they can't do much about another. This does give rise to some legal confusion, however, especially in states like Michigan, where a fetus is expressly held *not* to be a person. There the prosecutor got around that difficulty by charging Kimberly Hardy with delivering drugs to her just-born baby (now a person) a second or two before the umbilical cord was clamped.

In Michigan, as in South Carolina (where a viable fetus has the rights a born child does), the state is going after the mothers under child abuse and child neglect statutes. These new cases are a direct outcome of the heightened awareness of child abuse, and of the President's drug "war." Is it only my cynicism that makes me wonder at prosecutors that go after these pregnant "pushers"? South Carolina has made ten arrests since last August, when the Medical University of South Carolina complained to the attorney general that they were seeing five or six pregnant crack users a week. Surely no dealer can be easier to catch than a pregnant one coming in for a checkup.

Of course these women are bringing sick babies into the world. And understandably, the state perceives it has an interest, in that it will tax us to foot the bill for the care of probably many of these babies. But the question is, al-

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ways, where does the state's interest stop? With a poster in a New York bar warning pregnant women of the dangers of drinking? With a "warning" prosecution—for the South Carolina attorney general maintains that "we're not really interested in convicting women and sending them to jail. We're just interested in getting them to stop using drugs before they do something horrible to their babies"? Or with closer regulation for all women—fines for taking a glass of wine at dinner, or for missing a now-mandatory doctor visit, or for foolishly slipping on ice no pregnant woman should have any business walking on?

A judge in Wyoming dismissed charges against a woman for being intoxicated while pregnant because no damage to the baby could be shown. But it seems likely that in the future such a case will go the way of other child abuse cases. Given a condition of intoxication, harm will be presumed, and mothers will have to prove themselves innocent before their children are returned to them. No one is arguing that a crack user will be much of a mother. But Uncle Sam has not proved himself to be much of an uncle. Is there really no possibility of some non-federal intermediating group—extended family, church, neighbors, local crisis center—that can step in and take care of children and parents? All the national government has proved is that it can warehouse them.

Assuming that there are no such intermediaries (and we have not reached such a degraded state of society yet), still, it would be preferable to sacrifice some children to their mothers' addictions than to force help on such people, in a misguided act of mandatory charity that will endanger the parental rights of all the rest of us. In general our problem as a society—arising from the extremism of our Puritan legacy and our childishness—is that we never know when to stop. The ACLU claims that the same South Carolina attorney general who wants to use the force of law only to encourage these women to seek treatment, arrested some of them the day they gave birth, or the day after. If so, then he has not shown much moderation.

It is the nature of our governors to never be content with going after just the worst cases—they will go after the gray ones, too, in an effort to increase their own power. As has been shown in child abuse cases, they will use the wedge of this new law to split open families whose problems are not so monumental, families for whom the state's cure is worse than the initial disease. Perhaps the law is going after that woman on the wrong side of town today, but tomorrow it will be coming after us.

—*Katherine Dalton*

MARION BARRY'S arrest in January for cocaine possession set the stage for what has become a familiar American scene. At a press conference held after his release from jail, it didn't take Barry long to perform the public ritual of secular penitence: he announced that he would be entering a drug-and-alcohol rehabilitation center because of a "problem." Barry didn't elaborate on this "problem," but one of his supporters did. The mayor's behavior could be easily explained, she said. Barry has an "addiction." Barry has a "disease."

As the Marion Barry saga makes clear, American society has rejected a rhetoric of responsibility for one of absolution. Comedian Flip Wilson made himself famous in the early 1970's with the saying, "The Devil made me do it." Marion Barry's press conference was merely a variation on Flip Wilson's schtick. When pressed by reporters who questioned him about his use of illegal drugs, Barry at one point replied, "we have a problem," and "we will conquer it." Impersonal syntax and plural pronouns are familiar tactics of public men who wish to transfer moral responsibility to the Devil or "society," which is the modern equivalent.

Barry's "we have a problem" line of defense reflects one of the most common and disturbing trends in American culture. The turn-of-the-century theologian and Social Gospeller, Walter Rauschenbusch, had a name for it: he called it the socialization of sin. Social science has aided this process with a helpful, two-syllable word, which has done more to undermine personal morality and individual responsibility in this country than anything else in the 20th century: it's called "disease."

Americans no longer suffer personal failings, they only suffer "diseases." Eating, gambling, shopping, adultery, child abuse, premenstrual tension, and any form of self-destructive activity—all have been classified as diseases. Indeed, the disease model of human behavior has been so profitable and politically successful that it has given birth to one of the biggest growth industries in the post-World War II era—treatment centers. Alcoholism is a prime case in point. There has never been a scientific justification for the disease concept of alcoholism. Yet there exists a labyrinth of lobbies, both national and local, professional and volunteer, from the most prestigious medical associations to the most vulgar of commercial treatment centers, that have their entire existence riding on the bet that they can hoodwink the public into viewing alcoholism as a

disease. And their bet appears well-grounded.

This disease concept of human behavior has stained every aspect of American society—from our courts to our courtships. Contrary to what millions of us saw on television, John Hinckley didn't shoot Ronald Reagan, his "disease" did. Wade Boggs—the star third baseman for the Boston Red Sox who tearfully admitted to Barbara Walters, Geraldo Rivera, and to virtually every other talkshow host that he was "addicted to sex"—didn't cheat on his wife, neglect his children, and play ball only halfheartedly when his wife and not his mistress was watching from the stands, his "disease" did. Pete Rose's problem wasn't moral; he was only addicted to gambling. And poor Marion Barry. He didn't let down his constituency, shirk his responsibilities, make a mockery of political office, break laws—to say nothing of trivializing the real problems of blacks. No, Barry was a man with a problem, and as he explained to his church congregation, part of his problem was his "selfless devotion to other people."

One can be sure that, after a therapeutic course on "looking out for number one," the mayor will be ready for a triumphant return to public life.

—*Theodore Pappas*

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ANDY ROONEY, the *60 Minutes* humorist, found himself suspended without pay by CBS in February after a homosexual magazine, *The Advocate*, attributed racial comments ("blacks have watered down their genes because the less intelligent ones are the ones that have the most children") to him —comments he denies making, and for which *The Advocate*'s reporter has no proof. But Rooney is not alone in being silenced.

Consider the case of Michael Fumento, author of *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*. Mr. Fumento, whose book repudiates the notion that AIDS is poised to break out into the general populace and hence must be considered "everyone's disease," had his book rejected on explicitly political grounds by several publishers before it was accepted by Basic Books. Last year, a profile of him in *Forbes* magazine drew a picket from a group called ACT-UP (AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power) and anonymous death threats for the author of the profile: The magazine's editor, multimillionaire Malcolm Forbes Sr. (since deceased), bizarrely chose to receive this group in his office for a two-hour harangue, and a week later ran a retraction of the piece in his magazine, denouncing Fumento's "asinine" views, insisting that he would have killed the profile had he not been traveling at the time, and publishing a full-page ACT-UP tract with his endorsement at the top. (A few months later, ACT-UP drew further attention for breaking into a mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, where members tried to shout down Cardinal O'Connor, chained themselves to pews, and desecrated the Host, until removed by police.)

Days before the book's official publication date in January, Fumento was fired without warning from his job as an editorial writer at *The Rocky Mountain News*. The *News* —which in response to feminist pressure had recently instituted sensitivity training courses for its employees— explained his sudden termination by stating that he made too many phone calls. Numerous national television shows that had booked Fumento called to cancel. As for book sales, at least one letter has circulated to booksellers to keep *Myth* off the shelves, and at this writing the Waldenbooks chain (the largest in the country) is not carrying the book, despite healthy sales in other stores.

Homosexual activists repeatedly insist that their only goal is "tolerance" and the recognition of their "civil rights." The behavior of a good many of them, and the complicity-by-silence of others, tells another story. Calls for tolerance and free speech are tactical necessities when such groups are weak, but when they acquire power they quickly get down to the serious business of silencing the dissenting voices.

—Matthew Kaufman

THE ERIC VOEGELIN SOCIETY will hold its sixth annual meeting on September 1, 1990, in San Francisco, in conjunction with the American Political Science Association. Two panel discussions are scheduled, the first on the religious views of Eric Voegelin and Leo Strauss, and the second on the "end of history."

Individuals interested in attending the meeting should contact the program organizer, Ellis Sandoz, secretary of the Eric Voegelin Society and director of Louisiana State University's Eric Voegelin Institute for American Renaissance Studies. Established in 1987 to honor the memory of LSU's most distinguished professor, the Institute sponsors a wide variety of interdisciplinary conferences and oversees the publication of the 34 volumes of Voegelin's collected works. For more information, write to the Eric Voegelin Institute, 240 Stubbs Hall, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70803-5466.

SAMUEL FRANCIS, who writes our "Principalities & Powers" column every month, was congratulated in this space last year for winning the American Society of Newspaper Editors' Distinguished Writing Award for his editorials in the *Washington Times*. This past February he won the award again, the first editorial writer to be honored twice by the society. We are delighted to repeat our congratulations to him.

GREAT TOPICS, GREAT ISSUES

Economic Nationalism — January 1990 — Peter Brimelow's limited defense of economic nationalism. William Hawkins on unfettered trade. Alan Reynolds on foreign investment, Anthony Harrigan on transnational economic strategies, and Thomas Fleming on imperialism. Plus Janet Barlow's analysis of the Pete Rose scandal, Chilton Williamson's praise for George Kennan's memoirs, and Charlotte Low Allen's review of George Gilder's *Microcosm*.

Government of the People — March 1990 — Don Anderson on ward government in the South, Ira Mehlman on the common problems of assimilating immigrants in Israel and the United States, R. Cort Kirkwood on the National Endowment for Democracy, and Thomas Fleming on why government *for* the people is not the same as government *of* the people. Plus Clyde Wilson on the Virginian roots of American values and Anita Evangelista on animal rights.

Waiting for the End — February 1990 — Paul Gottfried on "the end of history." Thomas Fleming on millennialism, John Sisk on character and nuclear anxiety, and Hugh Ragsdale on Gorbachev and the prospect of Soviet reform. Plus Michael Lind on Robert Bork, Allan Brownfeld on South African reform, J.O. Tate's praise for Fred Chappell's new novel, and Mark Krikorian's discussion of illegal aliens and the 1990 census.

The Two Cultures — April 1990 — Edward Wilson on the role of biology in the formulation of culture, George Garrett on the role of the artist, and Thomas Fleming on the science of moral reasoning and the rise of "ethic specialists." Plus Samuel Francis on Whittaker Chambers, Murray Rothbard on the diary of H.L. Mencken, Frederick Turner on angels, and Forrest McDonald on the harsh realities of the civil rights movement.

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Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

In the space of a few months in 1989, the Soviet imperium in Eastern Europe began to disintegrate like a soda cracker in salt water, and even within the U.S.S.R. itself, long dormant national, ethnic, and religious passions began to sputter and whine. The Berlin Wall was turned into a collection of pet rocks, and Americans suddenly began hearing of peoples unknown to their ears since the days when the pope had divisions: Moldavians and Wallachians, Armenians and Azeris, Croats and Slovaks, Lithuanians and Ukrainians, Turks and Tadzhiks, Bulgarians and Byelorussians. One almost expected the Gepids and the Ostrogoths to set up their pennants and apply for membership in the United Nations.

Yet even as Mikhail Gorbachev, to the thunderous cheers of the West, restructured the Soviet Communist Party last winter, Soviet military advisers were helping Angola's Marxists polish off Jonas Savimbi's anticommunist guerrillas. Moreover, two days after what must have been the 357th emendation of the Soviet constitution since 1917, Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, commander for rapid deployment forces in the Middle East, testified to Congress that the Soviets are still pulverizing Afghanistan and pulling the wires of their puppet regime in Kabul, with more military aid than they forked over when they occupied the place. Communism may have been chucked out of the economic and intellectual ring, but it still throws a good punch, and the vision entertained by some people in the West of a bucolic planet full of peace and democracy may be just a bit premature.

Nevertheless, whatever happens to Mr. Gorbachev or the Soviet regime, it's probably true that the conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States has forever ceased to be the defining concept of American foreign policy. The Soviets may overrun Angola and keep Afghanistan, and their apparatus of spies, propagandists, and hired malcontents may continue to conspire, demonstrate, and subvert all they want. But the truth is that there is very little, short of nuclear attack, that the decrepit Soviet Empire can do to the United States directly. The day-to-day business of indigenous bureaucrats in Washington and the technocratic therapies they plot to impose on American civil society are far more serious threats to us than MIG-23's in the Khyber Pass or Moscow's pet herds of clergymen armed with banners and chicken blood.

The end of the Cold War, or at least the withdrawal of the United States from the contest, affords an opportunity for Americans to redefine, for the first time since the days of the Truman administration, what we want to be and do in the world beyond the oceans that surround us. The redefinition will involve not only deciding who gets the booty of the Peace Dividend or which congressional districts will lose military bases, but also an identification of what the United States as a nation and a culture is going to be in the opening years of the next century. Foreign policy is almost always a reflection of what kind of order prevails at home.

So it was when the Cold War began, and the long quarrel that bubbled between anticommunist conservatives, who sought a strategy for victory, and liberal globalists, who wanted to cast America as the world's social worker, mirrored a more basic division over what kind of society the United States would be in the late 20th century. To Harry Truman, "the seeds of totalitarian regimes are nurtured by misery and want. They spread and grow in the evil soil of poverty and strife," and "our help should be primarily through economic and financial aid, which is essential to economic stability and orderly political processes." Communism, to the uplifted mind, was largely a symptom of underlying social illnesses — poverty, disease, political repression — that only global programs of bureaucratically administered foreign aid and development could cure, just as only analogous domestic programs could provide the social and economic panaceas that Truman, Eleanor Roosevelt, and their fellow liberals prescribed.

The concept of foreign policy as an extension of liberal social therapeutics opened vast opportunities for social engineering all over the world and offered huge rewards for those leaders and elites, foreign and domestic, clever enough to seize them. Most of the "corrupt dictators" installed or buoyed up by U.S. money and power began their careers as progressive reformers, and even François Duvalier kept on his desk the portraits of three icons of liberal hagiography — John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Pope John XXIII — along with two loaded revolvers. Any or all of these items may have helped Papa Doc die in his bed with his savage autocracy intact, one of the few rulers in the history of Haiti to do so; but the "progress" his brother despots or their American-trained elites imposed on their tribal and feudal societies only helped to provoke the rebellions that eventually caused their governments to turn belly up in the tropical sun. Most of these gentlemen, whom their American admirers would not have cared to meet in a dark alley in Manhattan, possessed as much character and common sense as a Hollywood sex kitten, and neither their collapse nor the whittling away of American power that resulted from their fall should have been surprising.

Of course, U.S. foreign policy in the Cold War, once it had fallen under the control of liberal elites, no more protected American national interests than domestic liberalism protected citizens from professional cutpurses. Not enforcement of elementary civic relationships and national security but the entrenchment of bureaucratic and institutional interests was the real purpose of both. Hence, the United States found itself saddled with a military that was unable or was not permitted to win wars, intelligence agencies increasingly impotent to acquire reliable information or competently execute covert policies, and a diplomatic service that could plausibly be accused of harboring treason.

Such public bureaucracies were matched and indeed closely linked with private interests that nursed at the federal bottle: businesses that grew fat off foreign aid; government contractors who designed and sold the high-tech equivalents of underwater real estate in Florida; universities that swelled their "plants" with federal research grants and contracts; and a horde of consultants in every known field of study who

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thought the unthinkable and earned what should have been the unearnable. Meanwhile, the Soviets stole atomic, military, and technological secrets, infiltrated the government, and supported surrogates who overthrew U.S. allies in Cuba, Central America, Asia, and Africa. Fortunately, Mr. Gorbachev's predecessors never fully gauged what mush they were up against, and their own oligarchy of crooks and commissars entered its terminal stage before they found out.

Just as East Europeans seem to be throwing out their ruling bums, so the end of the Cold War ought to offer a chance for Americans to rid themselves of the parasitical mafias that have mangled the pursuit of our national interests for the last forty years. To do so would not necessarily lead to the much-dreaded "isolationism" that is more often an epithet than a real option, but it would involve a definition of specific and concrete goals and interests in place of globalist slogans and the chicanery they encourage. Dealing with the Third World debt, foreign (especially Asian) economic competition, massive illegal immigration, and the restoration of the Monroe Doctrine are probably the major problems that a serious nationalist foreign policy ought to address.

Unfortunately, there seems little prospect of doing so, since the same elites that mismanaged the Cold War remain firmly in place and seem to have learned nothing from their lackluster performance over the past two generations. Managing the global environment, creating democracy everywhere, and making sure the sclerotic Soviet economy gets enough economic and technological fixes to save Mr. Gorbachev from early retirement in Siberia appear to be the main appetizers on the globalist diplomatic plate just now.

Such goals simply regurgitate what James Burnham more than twenty years ago called the "set of uprooted abstractions out of which globalism compounds its heady brew."

> What distinguishes the globalist abstractions from genuine internationalist ideas is precisely their divorce from technical, social and historical realities. There are three billion plus human beings now living on the face of the earth, but there is no Humanity: that is to say, actual human beings, though they may share a metaphysical and theological identity, do not in point of fact have common psychological, social and historical traits that link them into an operative social grouping that we may name "Humanity." In real life men are joined on a much less than universal scale into a variety of groupings — family, community, church, business, club, party, etc. — which on the political scale reach the maximum significant limit in the nation.

If Americans don't want to find themselves embarked on another forty years in the global wilderness, they will have to take matters out of the hands of those, on the left and the right, who still peddle a foreign policy based on "Human Rights," "Global Democracy," "Transnational Issues," and what Burnham called the "other capitalized familiars put into general circulation by the ideological hucksters of our time." Otherwise, those abstractions eventually will show up on the national doorstep to tell us not only how we ought to run our neighbors' houses, but also how to manage our own.

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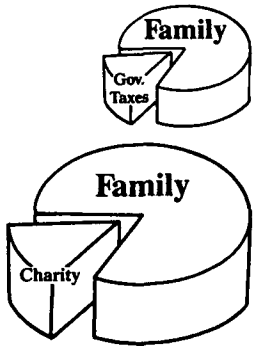

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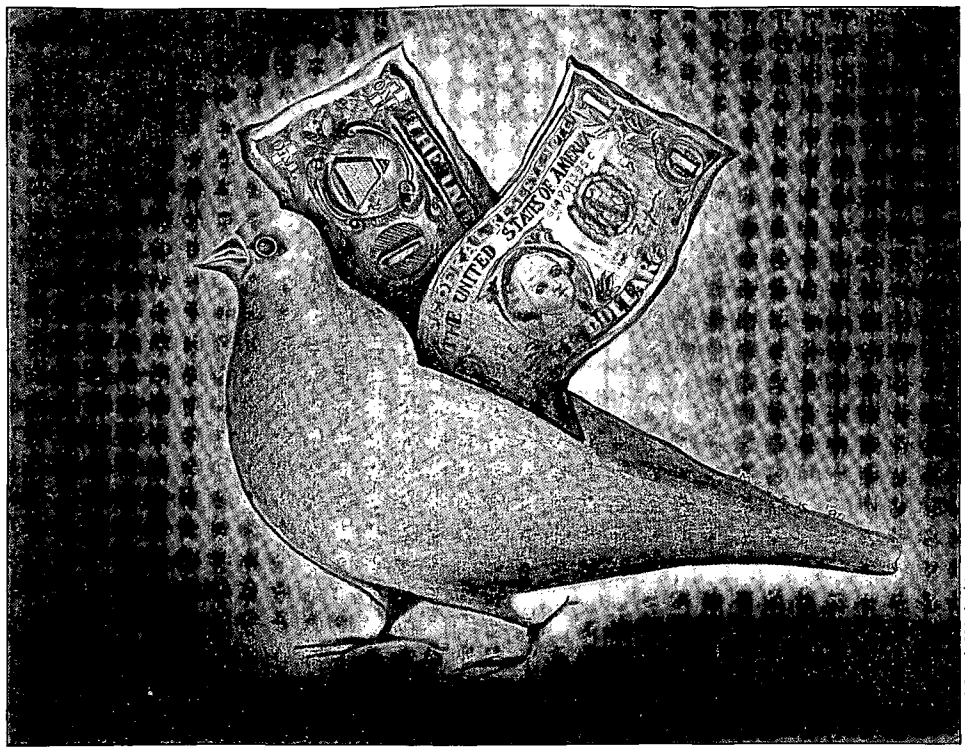

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Be Angry at the Sun

by Thomas Fleming

Peace is busting out all over, and along with the prospect of peace comes the debate over how to spend the so-called "peace dividend," supposing there is such a dividend. The administration doesn't think there is, and Secretary of Defense Cheney has warned against spending the money saved on defense until it is in the bank. Some commentators have estimated that the savings could amount to more than $200 billion by 1995, and the Democrats are already devising schemes to buy more constituencies by spending more on domestic programs. The administration, on the other hand, has argued that whatever pittance is realized should be applied to the deficit in the short run and, in the long run, to the national debt.

All things considered, the Democrats have been surprisingly quiet on the subject. A few years ago they would have been holding hearings and summoning the President's men to account, but these days all we hear are gentle "spend-more" bromides from unrepentant leftists like Senator Paul Simon of Illinois. Robert Zelnick, himself a graduate from Northeastern People's Radio to ABC, is disappointed and quite correctly suggests that "along with five out of the past six Presidential elections, Democrats have lost their political nerve."

But if leftists are bewildered by recent events in Europe, conservatives are equally disorganized. To understand why, it is necessary to realize how much both sides have invested into the Cold War. It is no exaggeration to say that much of postwar American conservatism has been little more than McCarthyism writ large, since many conservative groups have occupied themselves primarily in opposing the spread of communism abroad and the increase of socialism at home. At the same time, the left has devoted itself to opposing anticommunism, by favoring the sovietization of the United States and by working for a foreign policy of submission and disarmament.

Whatever the reality of the situation in the U.S.S.R., the Cold War is over for the time being, and both conservatives and leftists find themselves at loose ends as rebels without a cause. For some groups, this means bankruptcy, and not of the merely moral variety. Conservative fund-raiser Bruce Eberle told the *New York Times* that "there's much less interest" in anticommunism as an issue, and many anticommunist organizations are already feeling the crunch. But the peace and disarmament groups aren't doing any better. *Nuclear Times* is out of business and membership is plummeting at SANE/Freeze. As former arms negotiator Paul Warnke observed, decommunization has done to the peace movement "what the Salk vaccine did for the March of Dimes."

The collapse of communism, anticommunism, and anti-

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anticommunism brings us back to where we left off in the 1940's, before the United States divided up into two warring camps of left and right. It was an age when most "conservatives" persisted in calling themselves liberal—Albert Jay Nock and Robert Taft, to name only two—and the great conservative themes were limited government, low taxes, the autonomy of state and local governments, and "isolationism," which was nothing more sinister than the determination to leave other nations, respectfully, alone. Many of these old conservatives had opposed America's entry into World War II, nearly all had supported the war effort, and all deplored the concentration of state power that Franklin Roosevelt had managed under the guise of emergency measures for national defense.

There was no conservative movement in those days, but there were learned men of conservative principle: individualists of the stripe of Mencken and Nock, and most prominent among them was Frank Chodorov; such Southern agrarians as Donald Davidson and Richard Weaver; and the desperate ex-Communist Whittaker Chambers. Some conservative writers in those days managed to carve out successful careers as scholars and journalists, but many realized that, if they wished to speak frankly about politics, economics, and history, they could never hope to be acceptable, much less popular. Senator McCarthy, Chambers, and the other anticommunists were abused and reviled by Edward R. Murrow and the other propagandists who still run CBS News. Mencken is even now being libeled by the literary journalists who make a career out of character assassination and sycophancy, and the youthful William F. Buckley, Jr. found himself being mocked and mimicked by Jack Paar on live television after he had made a brief appearance on the *Tonight Show*.

The poet Robinson Jeffers, although by no means typical of anything, was representative. Hating Roosevelt's policies as subversive of everything distinctively American and blaming him for dragging us into "the war we have carefully for years provoked," Jeffers railed against the men who were "plotting to kill a million boys for a dead dream." He, nonetheless, applauded Britain's heroic fight against the Germans and resigned himself both to the war and to the barbarization he knew would follow. In "I Shall Laugh Purely," he assumed the prophetic mantle. These convulsions were not the end of the world, or even of our civilization—that would take years. But,

> [we] shall beware of wild dogs in Europe and of the police in armed imperial America:—

Jeffers hoped Christendom would "go down in conclusive war and a great red sunset" and not linger like India, "old and holy and paralytic." In a reprise of his great early poem, "Shine, Perishing Republic," Jeffers delivered his final verdict on the republican experiment he still cherished:

> I have often in weak moments thought of this
> people as
> something higher than the natural run of the earth.
> I was quite wrong; we are lower. We are the
> people who
> hope to win wars with money as we win elections.

For his views on Roosevelt, Jeffers was excommunicated from America's literary pantheon, and to this day his work is studiously ignored by critics. Even his publisher, Bennett Cerf at Random House, lent his hand by inserting into a Jeffers volume a preface that condemned the poet's political views.

What Jeffers would say about America in the 1980's, it is neither difficult nor pleasant to imagine: a nation of lewd consumers, cripples leaning upon electronic crutches; a population addicted to drugs and sex at the upper and lower ends, while the saving remnant in the responsible middling classes is a dwindling minority; a nation where men of principle and learning are despised, Donald Trump admired, and athletes adored.

Poets are always extremists, and there remains much to celebrate in contemporary American life, but we are dishonest or obtuse if we refuse to recognize something of ourselves in Jeffers' picture. But now that "armed imperial America" is preparing to disarm, what is next? In particular, what are conservatives going to do, after winning the good and necessary fight and goading several administrations into opposing the Soviets, much as Aaron and Hur propped up the arms of Moses?

Terrified over the loss of their one trump card—the Soviet threat—some conservative power brokers are floundering desperately for issues: the drug war, democratic globalism, and minority rights. If you think these sound like recycled liberal issues, then you might also think there is something strange about a conservative leader whose model for the movement is "the great Democratic New Deal Party." *U.S. News & World Report* described this and other newly respectable conservatives as "suddenly sounding oddly like Democrats."

Now, if ever, is the time for conservatives, liberals, and even radicals to think through where they stand in the hope of forging new and principled alliances to replace the old, bankrupt coalitions of anticommunism and anti-anticommunism. Now, more than ever, there is a pressing need for a free and open debate. Unfortunately, a vigorous discussion is highly unlikely. The left seems permanently wedded to anti-Americanism and countercultural resentment, and conservatives who dissent from the ever-changing orthodoxy of Washington—and even those who only lag behind in embracing the party line—are read out of "the conversation" or consigned to the inner circles of "the fever swamp," a term used by Suzanne Garment and other East Coast conservatives to designate the yahoos, rednecks, and Nazis that inhabit middle Amerika.

There is nothing new about attacks on conservatives. In the 1950's conservatives were repeatedly called bigots, nativists, and fascists, and it did not seem to do them a great deal of harm. Of course, in those days it was the liberals doing the name-calling; today, it is people who insist upon calling themselves conservatives, usually "progressive conservatives" and "neoconservatives." The so-called coalition they worry so much about in Washington is falling apart, and it will take more than the shoddy plaster of slogans and marching orders to fix up bridges that are so badly in need of repair.

What is really going on in conservative circles cannot be

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divided up into neatly labeled camps of traditionalist, neoconservative, New Right, and libertarian. There are, however, a number of themes or approaches, in part philosophical and in part political, that do recur in the writings of self-described conservative thinkers of the 1980's. Three of them, in various permutations and combinations, might serve to explain the movement.

1. Reaction. To one extent or another, most conservatives (like most radicals) define themselves by the golden age they are pining to restore. For Richard Weaver it was the High Middle Ages; for other Southerners it was the antebellum South; for many Cold War anticommunists, it was a period some time before FDR, when the U.S. still enjoyed a republican form of government; for the neoconservatives, it tends to be the period from Roosevelt through Kennedy. Whatever their period of choice, reactionaries recognize, at least implicitly, the importance of historical myths in shaping the world view and political agenda of the present, and no conservative movement will get anywhere until it can put together something like a coherent myth of the past.

2. Conservation. Conservatives by definition are conservative, that is, they believe there are elements in the present political arrangements that are worth preserving. For neoconservatives it is some sober version of the welfare state; for traditional conservatives it is the vestiges of limited government, autonomous families, and Anglo-American civilization.

3. Progress. Until fairly recently, one did not hear much about the future or growth or progress from rightists or conservatives anywhere. In America, however, no cultural or political movement can afford to do without a positive vision of the future, if only because Americans in the 20th century have been, by and large, dopey progressives. Many otherwise sensible people find the idea of a "conservative opportunity society" irresistible and call for "no limits to growth" almost in the same breath that they are defending the "values of Judeo-Christian civilization." The doctrine of progress, in its current forms, celebrates technology, economic growth, free trade, global democracy, and open borders. All of this is repellent to earlier generations of conservatives, who have made a serious tactical error in rejecting the spirit of progress out of hand. The best quality of our own civilization — I do not say the best quality of any civilization — has been an exuberant confidence in our ability to solve problems, although we rarely take the time to reflect that most of these problems are the result of earlier solutions.

These themes cross all boundaries and hostile frontiers, and several can turn up in the same man: George Gilder's entire career looks like a sort of juggling act between reaction and progress, and while I frequently disagree with him, there is no political journalist I admire more. The task that lies before conservatives, it seems to me, is to come up with a framework that combines these three approaches in a fashion that is faithful to the most essential principles and will serve the needs of the post-Cold War America.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to sketch even the most general lineaments of such a synthesis. Instead, let me concentrate on one issue as a metaphor: the environment. Except for libertarians, conservatives really don't have an environmental ethic, and *Chronicles* intends to make an attempt at remedying that deficiency in our August number. However, the three themes of reaction, conservation, and progress do serve to define the most common approaches to environmentalism.

At one end of the spectrum is the reactionary agrarian — sometimes Luddite in the intensity of his hostility toward technology, population growth, and pollution. On this Christian conservatives, like Wendell Berry and Jacques Ellul, shake hands with hard-bitten leftists, like Jeremy Rifkin. Once upon a time, so the myth runs, the waters were clean, the air pure, and the forests magnificent. Human technology, such as it was, worked in the service of man and nature. Today, with technology in the saddle, man is servant to the machine that has befouled his air and water, deforested the landscape, and covered the coasts of our continent with ugly suburban sprawl. So runs the myth, and like most myths it is true in its essentials.

The conservative approach is aptly called "conservation" or "preservation." Although the imagination of conservationists is typically fired by a reactionary rustic vision, the approach is not so much a question of opting out or returning to the land, in the manner of Wendell Berry. Conservationists want to preserve our dwindling resources by establishing and maintaining forests and wilderness preserves from which human influence is excluded and in which human activity is sharply curtailed. While conservationists might prefer a better world, they will settle for conserving what we have.

The party of progress and growth rarely sees any real environmental problems, and what few difficulties exist can be settled by an exclusively free market approach in which dirty industries may buy some of the unused pollution rights of clean factories. Is the air of Los Angeles unbreathable? Then the solution is better technology, not more regulation, because regulation, in fact, has almost always done more harm than good.

My point, in drawing out the example, is this. Both the reactionaries and the progressives have a great deal to contribute to the debate, while the conservationists — call them conservatives — are, because of their obsession with the status quo, unable to respond creatively to environmental crises and opportunities. Radicals and reactionaries are both capable of changing things for the better, while it is in the nature of conservatives to pamper a lingering illness rather than take a chance on a cure.

There is, however, a new environmental movement, one that concentrates on restoration, not preservation. Restoration of a prairie or a forest requires all the tools that science and technology can supply; it also requires the hard work, ingenuity, and creativity of thousands, indeed millions, of human beings. Rather than excluding man from the wilderness as something vile, restoration work drags people out of the suburbs and into the fields, where they will learn once again to play the role of Adam, this time restoring and not just tending the garden. Of course, a restored prairie is not the same thing as a primitive prairie; man is now part of the equation and has a part to play, and only a resolute enemy of mankind will object.

Some aspects of this example cannot be applied to the general plight of conservatives. More can be. Like it or not,

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we live in the late 20th century, and while we cannot do without the myths of historical golden ages, we must recognize that the attempt to realize those myths will produce results that bear only a slight resemblance to the 12th century or the 1850's—least of all to the 1950's. Both the Renaissance and the Reformation were reactionary movements aimed at restoring the world of antiquity. Both were radically constructive. Neither was—in a literal sense—conservative.

Perhaps it is time even to rethink the effectiveness of the term conservative, which always begs the question: "What are you conserving?" There is so much wrong with modern America that the language of caution seems inadequate. Surely it will take at least a moral and cultural revolution to clean up our cities, end the drug trade, and restore civilization.

Call yourself what you like, but be sure of this. Nothing good can be done on the basis of a simple formula derived from the experiences of the Cold War years. Global anticommunism cannot be replaced with global democracy, and the left's dreams of world government cannot be countered with a state-capitalist vision of a world economic order. Our job is to restore America, not to convert the world, and this task will require all the resources of science, economics, and technology we have at our disposal, but those resources must be harnessed to serve the traditions of individual responsibility, starkly limited national government, and the rich diversity of local political arrangements that our Constitution was intended to preserve.

What I have in mind is both reactionary, in its appeal to the vision of America's founding, and radical, in its willingness to use the honest tools and weapons put into our hands by sociobiology, anthropology, and economics. What all of these technical disciplines reveal is a humanity that is both flawed (or self-interested) in conception and yet most creative when least coerced. Both science and traditional wisdom will also show us that government, while it is necessary for men in every stage of social development, can only be regulatory and limiting; it cannot produce anything of itself: the more laws a people has, the more corrupt its morals.

This is the prospect for America's public intellectuals, especially those who have called themselves conservatives: to begin the arduous task of reconverting a blighted social and cultural landscape into prairies, villages, towns, and cities and to restore the self-government that has been polluted by the centralized political machinery that has misappropriated the name of democracy. If we fail—and nothing in the past ten years suggests that we are not failing miserably—then let us go down in honorable defeat, without calling our disaster a victory and without changing our colors in a pathetic effort to join the winning side. Of course your enemies will lie about you, because that is the universal fate of honest men. As Jeffers told his own generation:

> That public men publish falsehoods
> Is nothing new. That America must accept
> Like the historical republics corruption and empire
> Has been known for years.
> Be angry at the sun for setting
> If these things anger you.

Vikings in the English Department

by Brendan Galvin

Brevity being the soul of communication
as well as wit, we have been,
as it were, deconstructed, to put it
succinctly. Word processors
defenestrated, PMLA and *Books in Print*
put to the torch along with poor Ms. Schmidt's
collection of framed *New Yorker* covers,
Dr. Birmingham's Frye Boots and handmade
wrist-thong watchstrap absconded with,
not to mention Mr. Goodwine's hairpiece,
last seen impaled on a retreating cowhorn,
and the jacket to Chairperson Barnum's
leisure suit. In theory at least,
the primary suspects are Street Theatre
(a production turned overly realistic),
and The Germs, who, students inform us,
are an organization of motorcyclists
in Bridgeport. Sigurd (sp?) Stinkfinger
and Brodar Redbeard are two names
bandied about during the recent experience,
a not unhelpful clue, and these
have been reported to Campus Safety.
Ms. Birthbone, who, in the light of her
encounter, advises that with these persons
Tai Kwon Do simply won't do, has agreed
to liaison herself with other departments,
in order to discern if this event was
visited singularly upon us, or otherwise.
Your *Ad Hoc* committee agrees that a motion
of censure be presented before the Faculty
Senate, once the perpetrators have been
determined. New temporary wall units
in clay or greenpea are forthcoming
whenever officemates concur in the matter
of color, the Vice President for Financial
Affairs assures us. He further requests
that you inventory, and present this committee
with your list, necessarily brief in our
time of austerity. As for loss of personal
effects, your colleagues extend condolences
to Professor Follow for his missing scrimshaw
and harpoon, to Dr. Baker for articles of
interest from the *Times*, laid waste
when his bulletin board was under conflagration,
and of course to the family of our part-time
colleague Ms. Schmidt, last seen amid cries of
Havoc! Replacements are being interviewed,
and department members are urged to contribute
toward a suitable memento. Even as we continue
to strive for our margin of excellence
in this time of rebuilding, it is hoped that
each of us will endeavor to redefine
the concept of *collegiality* for herself/himself.

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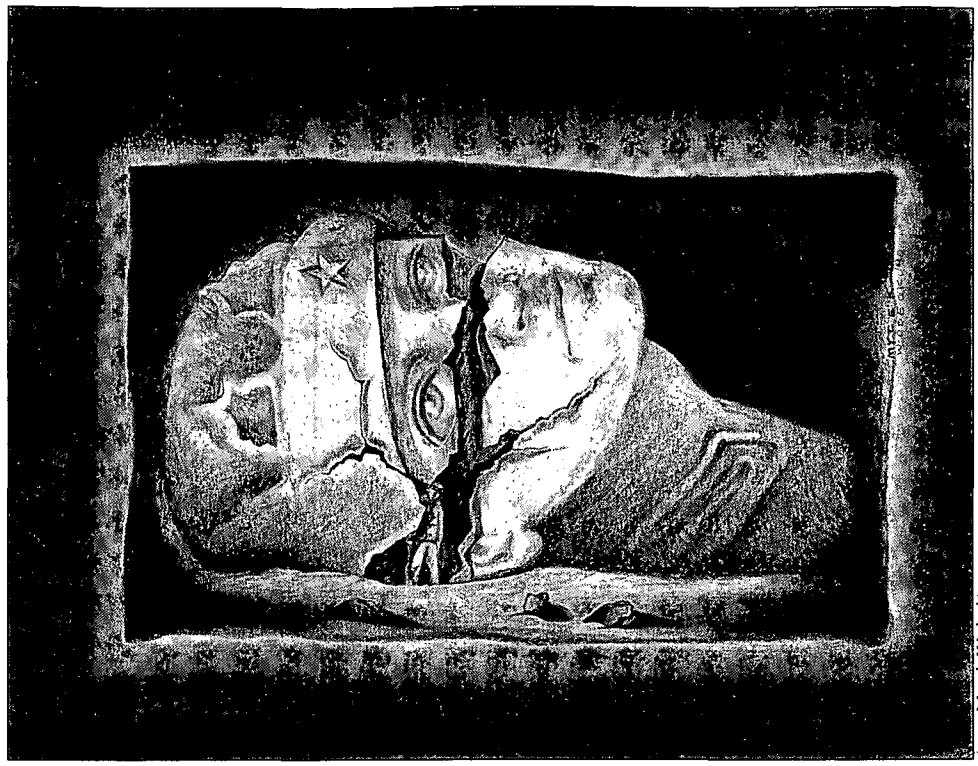

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Foreign Policy for the Post-Cold War World

by Murray N. Rothbard

Nineteen eighty-nine was a year of great joy for lovers of freedom everywhere. For it was the "revolutionary" year in which totalitarian communism, throughout Eastern Europe and perhaps even in the Soviet Union itself, suddenly collapsed like a house of cards. Many of our pundits, equating complexity and permanent quasi-gloom with profundity, sternly warned us all through the year that we must avoid "euphoria" at all costs, and concentrate instead on the grave problems ahead. Well, of course there are problems, but we may be pardoned hosannas at a truly wondrous event. I have not often agreed with Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick's view of the world, but I salute her willingness to admit that her famous distinction between authoritarian and irreversibly totalitarian regimes did not in the end hold up, and that a seemingly impregnable communism, though held together by systematic terror, can crumble, perhaps even more rapidly than authoritarian states. She was also willing to be euphoric. Shortly after the collapse of the Berlin Wall, I was struck by Mrs. Kirkpatrick's reply to a gloomy interviewer on CNN, who characteristically asked if she weren't troubled by the "destabilizing" effect of the end of the Wall. Puzzled, she replied: " 'Destabilizing'? I think it's wonderful!"

And so in almost one stroke our world has totally changed, and the old verities that we were all raised on, about monolithic communism and all communists everywhere being robotic agents of the Kremlin, appear now to apply only to an earlier age almost impossibly remote from our own.

How could it happen? Everyone stresses the palpable economic failure of communism, and there is no question that this played a large part in the process. But this conclusion, like all economic determinism, is far too simplistic. The economic failure has been evident for a long time; why did the collapse of the regime take so long? And besides, the economic devastation wrought in Cambodia by the Pol Pot regime was horrendous, and yet it was only toppled by invasion of the less rigorous communists from Vietnam.

From Etienne de la Boétie to David Hume to Ludwig von Mises, political theorists have demonstrated that governments are kept in power not merely by force but also, and ultimately more importantly, by ideology. It is ideology that fuels the enthusiasm of the ruling elite and engineers the consent, if only the resigned acceptance, of the governed. Even the Marxists, materialists though they may be, have shrewdly recognized that a ruling class can keep itself in

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power indefinitely unless it, or a substantial part of it, loses its will to power. It can lose that will because it doesn't know how to handle an economic crisis or a losing war, or because it has lost faith in its own right to rule.

It was almost impossible for the first generation of communist revolutionaries, the ones who stormed the Winter Palace or who took part in the Long March to Yenan, to lose the revolutionary fervor to which they had committed their lives. But conservatives who adopted the "black hole" theory that once a country goes communist, it's all over, forgot that once a revolutionary regime is established, generations who grow up in the system need not retain that fervor. They join the party as careerists, to get ahead in the world, and if they see that communism is an economic and moral failure, they begin to lose faith in the official ideology. One reason for the massacre at Tiananmen Square is that the first generation of dedicated Chinese revolutionaries, in their 80's and 90's, are still in power.

Over a decade ago and long before Gorbachev, a friend of mine who is a foreign policy specialist revisited Moscow after an absence of many years. He came back stunned, reporting that "nobody—*nobody*—believes in Marxism-Leninism anymore. They're just going along with the regime because it happens to be in power." We should all be delighted that the communist attempt to mold the New Socialist Man by massive propaganda obviously didn't take. Everyone paid public lip-service to the official ideology but no one believed it. Perhaps the public school system in Russia and Eastern Europe is no more efficient than it is in the U.S. The Communist parties were therefore ready, at the first opportunity, to dissolve themselves, and to join the rush to pluralism and free markets. In Romania the vital role of ideology was starkly clear, for when the oppressed masses decided that dying (literally) was better than continuing to obey the orders of Ceausescu, the soldiers refused to keep turning on their own population, and the regime was toppled within a week.

If communism has collapsed, then obviously the Cold War is over. But U.S. foreign policy has been defined by the Cold War for the past four decades. If the Cold War is finished, what should American foreign policy be now? There is no need at this point to engage in controversy about whether or to what extent the Cold War was justified. One thing, however, is clear: that the collapse of communism was largely brought about by internal forces and had very little to do with U.S. policy, one way or another. Like it or not, the U.S. does not have the power to shape the entire world.

The most remarkable, though unfortunately not surprising, fact about American responses to the end of the Cold War, whether among Republicans or Democrats, is how much they insist, despite everything, that nothing has really changed. The U.S. policy of militarism and global intervention, ostensibly pursued solely in response to the military threat of Soviet Russia and international communism, must, it seems, continue pretty much as before. This January, President Bush told a group of conservatives at the White House that there will be no "peace dividend," and his proposed military budget reveals that standpat view all too clearly. The heralded "cuts," like almost all budget "cuts" these days, are not real cuts at all, but only a lessening of the *rate of increase*. The proposed Bush budget *increases* military spending by 2 percent a year; only estimated inflation leads to a projected reduction of 2 percent a year, in "real" terms (corrected for inflation). All important weapons systems are to go full steam ahead, and Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney insists that 200,000 U.S. troops are still needed in Europe *even if* all Soviet troops are pulled out. By what bizarre logic? Because the Soviets still have nuclear weapons that can reach the U.S. But U.S. troops were supposedly in Europe to combat or deter a Soviet invasion of Western Europe. Since any idea now of the Warsaw Pact countries as a military menace to the West is surely loony-tunes, one begins to wonder about the real reasons for the policy of global military intervention.

Little help, too, can be expected from the Democrats. Note their frenzied reaction to the Bush proposal to eliminate admittedly obsolete military bases: "Not in *my* district you don't!"

It is indeed extraordinary how many dire "threats" to the U.S. have been discovered by the Establishment since the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe. There is, first and implausibly as we have seen, still the Soviet Union, even as the old *Russian*—much less the Soviet—Empire is visibly falling apart. Second, there is the fact that some small nations have nuclear weapons: but do we really need all those missiles and all that vast apparatus against a few minor Third World countries? Or against France? Or Israel?

A third target, though around for a long time, has been touted highly as a brand-new menace: "international narco-terrorism." But while narco-terror may prove useful in justifying a few Third World invasions, it can scarcely provide a rationale for a host of nuclear missiles, or at least so one hopes. Perhaps, too, the administration would be better advised to send troops into Washington, D.C., or even into federal prisons, where drugs are particularly rife.

A fourth, more generalized threat has been proffered by the Bush administration: that we live in an uncertain world. But surely this permanent but rather vague human condition does not justify bases everywhere and a $300 billion annual military budget!

A fifth terrible threat, in contrast, is all too concrete: one that emerged among Establishment pundits literally the day after the collapse of the Berlin Wall. As communism crumbled in East Germany, a new menace was found in the appearance on the near-horizon of an event that the U.S. had championed for forty years: the reunification of Germany. But suddenly, on a dime, we began to hear grim warnings: Hitler! The Kaiser! Germany as permanent butcher-bird of Europe! One newspaper article even dredged up the alleged sole German guilt for the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, conveniently overlooking the not-exactly-pacific role of the French Emperor, Napoleon III.

Finally, a sixth menace has been trotted out. This threat was raised in the course of a rambling discussion of post-Cold War foreign policy in the *Wall Street Journal* by Irving Kristol: the specter of Islamic fundamentalism. Kristol even went so far as to propose that the U.S. and its recent enemy the Soviet Union work together—discreetly, of course—to put down this rising menace.

There is something very curious at work here. Ever since Woodrow Wilson, the United States has had great difficulty

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in treating any nation coolly and realistically as a given fact upon the world scene. Instead, any given nation is *either* a grave menace to American interests and world peace, *or* it is a champion of the "free world" headed by wise and farsighted statesmen. Sometimes, the country will shift from one to the other, in American eyes, in disconcertingly rapid succession. But at the present time, while the book has scarcely been closed on the Cold War, indeed while we are still arming to the teeth to guard against a possibly lingering Soviet threat, the Soviet regime is being increasingly regarded as a benign military force, if not quite yet a gallant and heroic ally. Take, for example, the Bush administration's attitude toward the sending of Soviet troops to troubled lands. After applauding the crucial Soviet adoption of the "Sinatra Doctrine" and its allowing East European Communist regimes to collapse, the United States went so far as to call upon the Soviets to send troops into Romania to overthrow the monster Ceausescu. The Soviets properly replied in some puzzlement that they had just condemned the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, and that they had now repudiated the use of military force across national borders.

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Americans will choose correctly if only noninterventionists can retake the moral high ground that the global interventionists long ago managed to seize.

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But this was not all. The Bush administration soon let it be known that the U.S. would not be too upset if the Soviets sent troops into Lithuania to keep her from leaving the U.S.S.R., an action that Gorbachev has so far refused to take. One almost sensed a sigh of relief in the Establishment when Gorbachev at last sent troops into Azerbaijan; perhaps the administration was getting fearful that Gorby had turned into some kind of crazed pacifist!

It is not surprising that the collapse of the Soviet Empire and the end of the Cold War has set off a profound rethinking and a foreign policy split among conservatives. In particular, the dominant foreign policy of conservatives, in the Old Right that lasted from the New Deal until roughly the end of the Korean War and the founding of *National Review* in 1955, was nonintervention in the affairs of other nations, what has been much derided since as "isolationism." The position of *National Review* in those early days was that libertarianism and isolationism (the limited government equivalent of nonintervention at home) was the proper basic policy for America, but that it had to be overridden by the grave threat of international communism controlled by the Kremlin. On that happy day in the future when the Soviets were no longer a threat, Buckley and NR promised, libertarianism and isolationism could be taken out of mothballs and restored to the conservative agenda. But if the Cold War is over, why not isolationism now?

Mitch Daniels, head of the Hudson Institute and former political director in the Reagan White House, recently put it this way in the *Wall Street Journal*. Since a "Taft-style isolationism was one tributary of what we thought of as a conservative coalition," Daniels notes, "there are plenty of conservatives who always viewed defense at the levels we reached as a very necessary evil but something not for perpetuity." Mr. Daniels seems to be lamenting this trend; but, in truth, *why* are militarism and global intervention supposed to be America's lot, seemingly regardless of what threats exist or if any exist at all, in short, "in perpetuity"?

One of the most brilliant answers to this puzzle was provided by the veteran Old Right journalist Garet Garrett, in his perceptive and prophetic pamphlet *The Rise of Empire*, published in 1952 during the last great burst of isolationist thought during the Korean War.

Lamenting the end of the old American Republic, Garrett declared that "we have crossed the boundary that lies between Republic and Empire." Garrett laid out the hallmarks of empire, and gauged America's course accordingly. First, the dominance of the executive power, embodied in President Truman's unconstitutional act of going to war with North Korea without bothering to ask Congress for a declaration of war. A second hallmark is that "domestic policy becomes subordinate to foreign policy," so that foreign policy becomes an excuse for all manner of domestic aggressions against the rights of person and property. This is what happened to Rome and to the British Empire, Garrett warned: we like they had embarked, in effect, on a policy of perpetual war, resulting in a costly permanent garrison state. Accordingly, a third brand of empire, for Garrett, is the "ascendancy of the military mind." He went on to quote a devastating critique of the burgeoning garrison state by General Douglas MacArthur. MacArthur warned that "our country is now geared to an arms economy which was bred in an artificially induced psychosis of war hysteria and nurtured upon an incessant propaganda of fear." MacArthur noted prophetically that "while such an economy may produce a sense of seeming prosperity for the moment, it rests on an illusionary foundation . . . and renders among our political leaders almost a greater fear of peace than is their fear of war."

Garrett's final hallmark of empire cut straight to the heart of its psychology: "a complex of vaunting and fear." The fear we have already examined: all the various "threats," real or nonexistent, that may beset us; fear that leads the U.S. to seek a system of dependent "satellite nations."

But the other side of the fear is the "vaunting": the assertion by interventionists of America's historic duty to exert world power. As Garet Garrett summed up the interventionist vision four decades ago: "It is our turn. Our turn to do what? Our turn to assume the responsibilities of moral leadership in the world. Our turn to maintain a balance of power against the forces of evil everywhere. . . . Our turn to keep the peace of the world. Our turn to save civilization. Our turn to serve mankind." But, Garrett warned:

> this is the language of Empire. The Roman Empire never doubted that it was the defender of civilization . . . The Spanish Empire added

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salvation. The British Empire added the noble myth of the white man's burden. We have added freedom and democracy. Yet the more that may be added the more it is the same language still. A language of power.

Ever since Woodrow Wilson set the disastrous course for America in the 20th century by intervening in World War I, the global interventionists have proclaimed two resounding goals for U.S. foreign policy: in Wilsonian phrases, to "end all wars" and "to make the world safe for democracy." Pursuing the latter aim meant imposing democratic institutions by coercion throughout the world, or, in practice, invading the realm of any dictator we don't like in the name of the democratic shibboleth. One leading Bush administration excuse for the invasion of Panama—that it was "restoring democracy" there—rang particularly hollow. For when did democracy ever exist in Panama?

As America entered World War II and then the Cold War, the eminent historian and political scientist Charles A. Beard prophetically warned that America was embarking on a program of "perpetual war for perpetual peace." The Bush administration's newfound enthusiasm for the use of Soviet troops by a possibly "democratic" Soviet Union, in the case of the march into Azerbaijan, stemmed from the alleged Soviet goal of keeping peace between the Azeris and the Armenians. Indeed, it has become increasingly clear that the liberal/neoconservative Establishment has reacted to the end of the Cold War not by abandoning interventionism or the garrison state, but by moving to welcome the Soviet Union into a junior partnership in a superpower condominium for the rulership of the world, in the name of imposing democracy and keeping the peace.

There is one striking characteristic of the cherished goals of Establishment foreign policy: that the wars for democracy and perpetual peace are both impossible to win. We live in a world run largely by dictators, and there is no reason to expect that any of these countries are about to go democratic. Moreover, the breakup of centralizing totalitarian communism in the Soviet Empire has quickly brought to the surface the deeper substructure of inter-ethnic hatreds. The Azeris and the Armenians, the Croats and the Serbs, and countless other nationalities, have hated each other for centuries, often with good reason. The fatuous and pervasive liberal slogan of "world peace through understanding" is given the lie by the fact that these peoples have long known each other only too well, with a consequent piling up of grievances that seem to cry out for vengeance. For the United States to attempt to impose settlements of all these conflicts is to take on a task not only impossible but also counterproductive. Just as the Versailles Treaty sowed the seeds of World War II and the Cold War, so the crusade for perpetual peace throughout the world is indeed a recipe for perpetual war. We have unfortunately forgotten the isolationist insight of the Old Right: that intervening in every local conflict in the name of internationalism or "collective security" only serves to internationalize and therefore to broaden and to maximize the conflict.

What could be the point, then, of a foreign policy guaranteed never to achieve its stated objectives? Perhaps the answer lies not in the official rhetoric, but in a desire to perpetuate the interventionist process itself, to maintain a garrison and interventionist state for its own sake. Or rather, for the sake of the perks and the contracts and the jobs and the power that goes along with it. For it is human nature to impute economic determinism to our enemies, while conveniently overlooking the important economic motives that may lure us at home. Take, for example, the massive foreign aid program, which seems to expand every year regardless of conditions—threats or need for reconstruction or whatever—that allegedly give rise to the policy. The foreign aid program does not help the economy of foreign countries, nor is it designed to do so. The purpose of foreign aid is to mulct the U.S. taxpayer for the benefit of three favored groups: (1) the recipient government, which obtains the aid and which acquires more power *at the expense of* its citizens and the private sector of that country; (2) U.S. government bureaucrats, who receive salaries for administering the aid; and (3) first and foremost, the U.S. exporters upon whom the recipient showers the aid dollars. For dollars can only be used to purchase American exports. In short, foreign aid, a crucial part of the policy of global intervention, is essentially a racket through which the U.S. taxpayer is conned into subsidizing U.S. export firms. As a side-benefit, statism is fostered abroad as well as at home.

Once again, one of the most perceptive explanations of global interventionism was written by another distinguished Old Right journalist, John T. Flynn, who opposed both World War II and the Cold War. In his brilliant and neglected work, *As We Go Marching* (1944), written in the midst of a war he had tried to forestall, Flynn traced foreign intervention to the domestic failure of the New Deal to establish the corporate state in its National Recovery Act. Entry into World War II, noted Flynn, reestablished this collectivist program, by means of "an economy supported by great streams of debt and an economy under complete control, with nearly all of the planning agencies functioning with almost totalitarian power under a vast bureaucracy." After the war, Flynn prophesied, the New Deal will attempt to expand this system to international affairs. The great emphasis of government spending, Flynn declared, would

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be military, since this is the one form of spending to which conservatives are not likely to object, and which workers will also welcome for its creation of jobs. As Flynn wrote: "Thus militarism is the one great glamorous public-works project upon which a variety of elements in the community can be brought into agreement." Flynn added:

> The great and glamorous industry is here—the industry of militarism. And when the war is ended the country is going to be asked if it seriously wishes to demobilize an industry that can employ so many men, create so much national income when the nation is faced with the probability of vast unemployment in industry. All the well-known arguments will be dusted off—America with her high purposes of world regeneration must have the power to back up her magnificent ideals; America cannot afford to grow soft. . . . America dare not live in a world of gangsters and aggressors without keeping her full power mustered . . . and above and below and all around these sentiments will be the sinister allurement of the perpetuation of the great industry which can never know a depression because it will have but one customer—American government to whose pocket there is no bottom.

Wrongly accused of being a "fascist" for opposing American entry into the war, Flynn was happy to turn the indictment around. "The test of fascism," he pointed out, "is not one's rage against the Italian and German war lords. The test is—how many of the essential principles of fascism do you accept?" Warning that the coming American fascism will be "virtuous and polite," Flynn prophesied that:

> Fascism will come at the hands of perfectly authentic Americans . . . who wish to commit this country to the rule of the bureaucratic state; interfering in the affairs of the states and cities; taking part in the management of industry and finance and agriculture; assuming the role of great national banker and investor, borrowing billions every year and spending them on all sorts of projects through which such a government can paralyze opposition and command public support; marshaling great armies and navies at crushing costs to support the industry of war and preparation for war which will become our greatest industry; and adding to this the most romantic adventures in global planning, regeneration, and domination all to be done under the authority of a powerfully centralized government in which the executive will hold in effect all the powers with Congress reduced to the role of a debating society. There is your fascist . . . masquerading under the guise of the champion of democracy.

In the concluding sentence of his book, John T. Flynn eloquently proclaimed that his "only purpose is to sound a warning against the dark road upon which we have set our feet as we go marching to the salvation of the world and along which every step we now take leads us farther and farther from the things we want and the things that we cherish."

The sudden disappearance of the Cold War has brought America to what Walter Lippmann used to call a "plastic juncture" in history—a period in which we are effectively free to choose and to change our foreign policy. The growing conflict among conservatives over foreign policy is an important manifestation of this new state of affairs. Never, in half a century, have the eloquent lost words of the Old Right been so pertinent to our current concerns. The choice is not, as the interventionists like to put it, between a glorious idealism as against a narrow and crabbed selfishness. The choice is between a return to the American ideal of liberty under a strictly limited government, an America that functions as a beacon-light of freedom for the world, as against an American superpower pushing its weight around everywhere, vainly attempting to impose American values and institutions by massive coercion, and to use that coercion to end every age-old quarrel throughout the world. And underneath that hopeless and quixotic crusade, the grim reality of a gigantic welfare-warfare state financed by systematic aggression against American liberty and property.

The choice for America is clear. Americans will choose correctly if only noninterventionists can retake the moral high ground that the global interventionists have long ago managed to seize. The world has, at long last, come to see through the trumpeted moral superiority of a system—communism—that pursued a phony and impossible dream by means of coercion and terror, for the tangible benefit of a ruling *nomenklatura*. Can repudiation of an impossible quest for world democracy and perpetual peace on behalf of a kinder and gentler *kleptoklatura* be far behind? ◈

ANAMNESIS

ERIC VOEGELIN

Translated and edited by Gerhart Niemeyer

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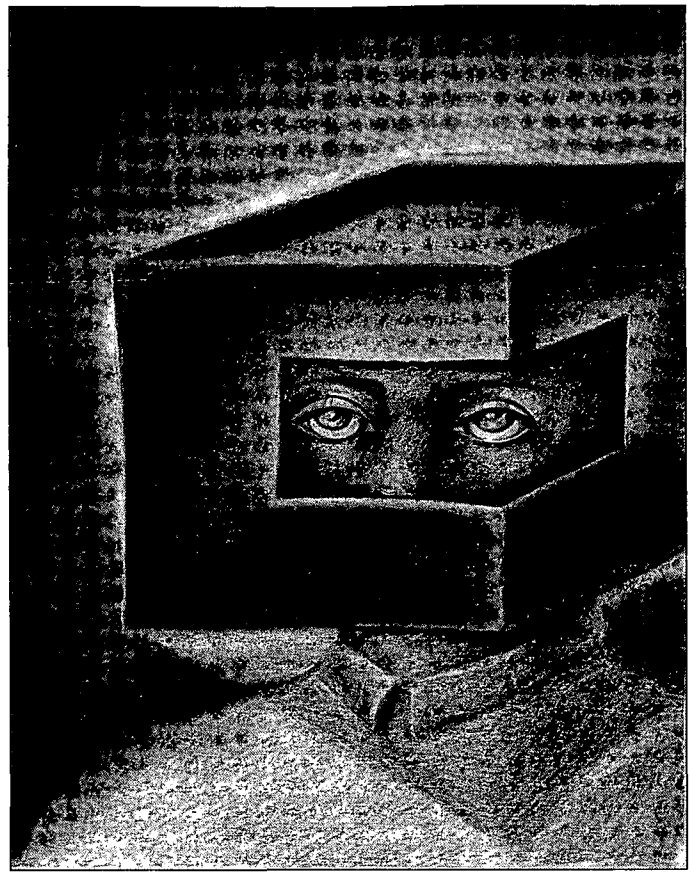
A Federalist Agenda

Some Advice for the Republicans

by Donald Devine



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

After eight years in power, conservatives are down in the mouth. The right feels as out in the cold as it was during the wilderness period, fifteen years ago; and this time it does not even have much of a communist menace to fall back upon.

Establishment Republicanism, as personified by George Bush, is in the saddle leading the nation under a conservative banner, but with a pragmatic agenda. The Republican Party itself is a captive, the indictment continues, so the only answer is for conservatives to turn away from all of this, establish a new party with a pure agenda, and to rush off to battle the GOP country club crowd.

Déjà vu: it is 1976 again and Ronald Reagan has been defeated for the nomination. The Republicans are led by Gerald Ford, and the only possible future for our party is more establishment control. So, from Kevin Phillips to Richard Viguerie, the goal becomes creating a new conservative party as the only possible route to power. Yet, as my opposing paper for a national meeting of conservative leaders just following the election in 1976 argued, we were on the threshold of taking over the Republican Party; and we needed to stay to complete the job.

An American political party is simply a set of electoral rules and a group of potential voters whose past feelings or future hopes identify them with it. The party is a legal and organizational shell that must be infused with vitality, vision, and leadership by a group with a mission. The task of a conservative movement in 1976 or 1990 is the same: to fill the Republican shell with its agenda. In 1976, that mission was accepted; and the result was impressive: eight years of conservative government, with hundreds of billion fewer dollars wasted by the national government, a shift of the action to the private sector and state government, and the way prepared for the end of communism in Eastern Europe and beyond.

Moreover, George Bush is no Gerald Ford. He is not even the George Bush of 1980, having shifted 45 degrees by learning from his former boss, President Ronald Reagan. As was predictable (and predicted) a year ago, Mr. Bush can be relied upon to do a competent, if not visionary, job of continuing what Reagan started. This will be chipped away

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in time by an aggressive Congress, but as George Bush told the Republican Convention, his mission is to carry out the Reagan agenda; and, whatever else President Bush is, he is not a liar.

What about the Republican Party in Congress? It is true that twelve House Republicans voted with the Democrats half of the time last year, that nine voted with them 60 percent of the time, five 70 percent of the time, and one 80 percent of the time. Ten House Republicans actually voted in Congress against their party more than did any Democrat. But these liberal Republicans are an endangered species. They are a score where they were a legion. In the party itself, whose structure in the 1970's was under constant attack from the left, the annual liberal Republican assault on the party organizational rules at the Republican National Committee this year was so weak that its sponsor quietly admitted that he made the motion "simply to keep up tradition rather than with any thought of victory."

For better or worse, there is no other home than the Republican Party for conservatives. The party already exists legally and organizationally in every state; no mean achievement. To recreate this would take an incredible amount of funds and talent, and, more importantly, time and energy. The laws of every state, to say nothing of the federal electoral rules, are biased to favor the two existing major parties. The option of having a third party, like the Conservative Party of New York, which has grown incrementally by adding votes to major party candidate totals, only exists in one other state, Delaware.

The electoral benefits of Republican affiliation are even greater than the organizational. Securing the nomination of the Republican Party immediately gives a candidate, through its "yellow-dog" vote, one-quarter of what is necessary to be elected. Indeed, over 40 percent of the electorate identifies as Republican, and they are overwhelmingly conservative by instinct and by policy preference. To toss away this legal structure and popular affection would be madness, when all that is needed is to fill the party's legal shell with a conservative vision at a time when there is no real competitor upon the scene.

On the other hand, it is not enough just to polish up the old Reagan banner, to simply live off the ideas of the past. For the rhetoric has lost its vitality and its ability to inspire the public enthusiasm necessary to create a new mandate for the fundamental reforms of government that are needed for the future. Conservatives have a great luxury in being able to rely upon President Bush to carry Reaganism to its logical conclusion; but resting upon status quo conservatism over the long run is a recipe for disaster.

The 24th annual Survey of College Freshmen, conducted jointly by the University of California at Los Angeles and the American Council on Education, reported student activism this year higher than ever before, even than during the explosive 1960's-70's. Nearly 37 percent of the freshmen surveyed had participated in demonstrations the previous year, the highest proportion to date. Setting another record, 44 percent reported that it is "very important" for them "to influence social values," while 35 percent (up from 27 percent in 1986) cited "helping to promote racial understanding" as an important goal. Finally, an all-time high of 20 percent said that "influencing the political structure" will be a major goal for them in the future. So youthful idealism is raising its head again, after several years of quiescence. The only question is whether liberals or conservatives will harness its energy.

The general public is stirring, too. The 1990 *Washington Post* focus group and poll—which in the last few years has been remarkably professional and has proved accurate—finds a public that feels uneasy about the future. While most Americans expect their own lives to improve, they are very worried about whether their children will have a good life: 71 percent are concerned whether the next generation will be able to find a good job, 86 percent whether they will be able to afford a house, and 85 percent whether their sons and daughters will be able to raise children of their own. People are also worried about their offspring today: their safety, the threat of drugs, and whether the moral fiber of the nation is strong enough to allow a peaceful and prosperous life for them.

Even on the core Reagan issue of government spending, when asked what they would do with potential government savings, only 5 percent said reduce taxes, while 24 percent said improve education, 17 percent said help the homeless, 15 percent fight drugs, 10 percent increase health care, 10 percent improve the Social Security system, and 10 percent support the environment—and they believe the Democratic Party is best able to deal with these problems.

It is true that even Democratic political analysts have concluded that the public does not want to raise taxes to do much about "liberal" issues. As has been the case for at least two decades, the people's heads are with the Republicans, to act prudently, but their hearts are with the Democrats, as most willing to solve social problems. The most dramatic of the *Post*'s results is that people are extremely cynical about Washington's ability to solve, or even its interest in, their problems. They see Congress, especially, as corrupt. The people have even learned that the President does not have the power: 53 percent saying that Congress has the most power, and only 15 percent the President. They like George Bush, but they realize that these problems are more fundamental than a President. They want problems solved, and they know that the government in Washington cannot master them.

This popular mood gives conservatives a marvelous opportunity to showcase one of their most fundamental values, federalism. "Federalist" is the term the Founders used to describe their own enterprise, using it to title their major work. Federalism primarily refers to a government composed of state and local governments that have independent power, but the concept easily extends to include the idea of a national separation of powers and the limited purposes for which each branch of government was created.

The Founders emphasized divided powers because they believed men were not angelic enough to be trusted with total power, but not so devilish that they could not choose their rulers or live their lives freely by caring for themselves, their families, friends, and neighbors. As Thomas Fleming has reminded us, American government was created upon a principle of human nature, that human affection is naturally greater towards that which is closest: as Alexander Hamilton

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put it in *The Federalist* number 17, upon the "principle that a man is more attached to his family than to his neighborhood, to the community at large . . . than toward their local governments, than toward the government of the Union."

Even until the 20th century, most economic activity in the United States was unregulated by national government, and 90 percent of government was local government. The national and state governments had only 10 percent between them. As noted by the first close observer of the new nation, Alexis de Tocqueville, the real vitality in the early regime was provided by voluntary associations and local government. The Progressive movement challenged both, regulating associations and business, and consolidating local governments using state government power. Under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, the progressive ideology captured Washington in 1912, although its triumph had to await Franklin Roosevelt in 1932 and Lyndon Johnson in 1964.

But before the bureaucratic welfare state, our government was a federal government—one based upon the individual, the family, and private associations, protected by a local government, with a minimalist state providing a justice system and national government in reserve for only when truly needed—and it worked.

The challenge today is, simply, to reestablish the federalist nature of the American republic. In a world where Eastern Europe is throwing off its statist shackles and much of the rest of the world is reassessing its bureaucratic heritage, it would be ironic indeed if the birthplace of liberty continued its drift away from its roots in freedom and federalism. It has taken 70 years of the welfare state for Americans to recognize that large national governments do not solve real social problems, thereby finally creating the conditions for the still-federalist people to accept a positive program based upon limited government that could truly revitalize the civic culture that created the American republic.

There is a great deal of talk from some quarters about America exporting its legacy of democracy to the world. But the Founders realized that democracy is not enough. Democracy works best closest to individual affections—within the family, the local community, and the municipality, but very inexactly at the state and national levels—and only then in a true federal system of decentralized powers. It was, de Tocqueville noted, that "fruitful germ of free institutions," local government, that even introduced "the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people" into Western culture.

Democracy developed from the bottom because it worked there, and was not perfected until the Founders bound local units into a federal system of limited powers. When democracy is artificially imposed upon a national government without these limits, democracy is soon destroyed by its excesses, especially by unrestrained spending through overtaxing and regulating the productive middle class.

As Lord Acton noted, "the true natural check on absolute democracy is the federal system, which limits the central government by the powers reserved and the state government by the powers they have ceded. It is the one immortal tribute of America to political science, for states rights are at the same time the consummation and the guard of democracy." It is summarized in the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution: the one essential civil right, that the powers not specifically ceded to Washington are reserved to the states or to the people.

America, then, should be selling federalism, rather than simple democracy, to the world. To a globe weary of statist excess, sickened by the millions of people killed, maimed, imprisoned, and impoverished by government, the United States should be teaching about private property and markets for prosperity, separation and division of powers nationally for safety, and local governments as the locus of democratic problem-solving. With all of the growth of state power in the 20th century, federalist systems like that of the United States, Switzerland, Canada, and even Australia and West Germany, still should be the model—and contrasted with stagnant, homogenous, and boring Sweden. Federalism is especially the model needed for ethnically diverse countries such as Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Eastern Eu-

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The Eyewitness

by Brendan Galvin

Splashed by disaster, he says
"It was a warehouse for
possessed furniture," and sees
Queen Anne chairs kicking
their heels, and choruses of the dead
beseeching release from
vanity mirrors; then grammarians,
rolling on living room floors,
all inside this lens probing his face.
Too late now to rush home
and put on his suit and hurry back
articulate. He's trapped here,
in his chuckle-headed T-shirt,
and at six and eleven
will advertise Mr. Zog's Sex Wax
to households all over
the viewing market. It's his
disaster now. You can see
he's beginning to know it
under that veneer no bank of lights
can dissipate. He won
this smoking rubble in some
nightmare lottery and now he feels
the enormity of being chosen,
understands that free means anonymous,
as the lady with the mike, less cosmetic
on the glass at the other end
of these wires, pokes through again.
"A chill went down my throat," he says.

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rope generally, or Lebanon and Jordan, or even Ireland. The Soviet Union itself may be a prime candidate, as Amos Perlmutter and James H. Billington have both recently argued.

An even older notion, confederalism, may be ready for a revival. It is already the model for Europe '92, and is the most obvious solution for bringing together East and West Germany. Looking even longer term, it may be a solution for Hong Kong/Macao, China (and eventually Taiwan), or even parts of Latin America. Solving problems (mostly by the parties involved themselves) would not just be an academic exercise, but could determine whether there may be regional or even world peace and prosperity.

To sell abroad, reform must begin at home. Here federalism is in dire need of revitalization. Both deregulation of the economy and decentralization of governmental decision-making has barely begun. Some major programs were block-granted to the states and cuts in Washington aid have encouraged local government and voluntary associations. But the national government still dominates domestic government policy. While its revenue has gone down from 61.7 percent of the government total in 1970 to 56.9 percent in 1985, the national government's percentage of total government expenditures has actually grown from 62.5 to 65.3 percent, a long way from the Founders' federal system. The Reagan-Bush era has merely slowed the pace of centralization.

Federalism is the essential term because it focuses upon the real threat to freedom — excessive centralized power, a power that frustrates the solution of problems by other means, claiming resources that could be better utilized in different ways. Take the "conservative" solution to use vouchers to replace direct Washington regulation. Without a notion of federalism, vouchers could be thought of as an ideal alternative to the status quo. It is true that vouchers are a freer solution than a rigid central plan implemented by a national bureaucracy; but vouchers are, at best, a second-best alternative. Indeed, as was noted by the finest analyst of 20th-century social processes, Joseph Schumpeter, vouchers are a socialist solution.

Vouchers assume that the national state knows how to dole out the correct amount of resources to pay for our various needs. The central planning board would determine how much in vouchers would be spent on health, welfare, education, housing, and so forth. This would be a freer socialism, since people could spend the vouchers within the broad categories, but a socialism nonetheless; for such a system imposes the "correct" amount of health, education, and welfare upon society. Those libertarians who dismiss "market socialism" as a contradiction in terms are wrong. Indeed, voucher socialism, as Schumpeter noted, is the only rational and potentially human form of socialism, and therefore much more attractive politically.

But vouchers do not change power. As the Founders taught and Acton demonstrated, the only successful way to deal with power is to divide it; and the history of destruction where this insight has not been heeded has merely emphasized its wisdom. While restructuring Congress as a citizen legislature to make it more representative, giving the President more authority over the bureaucracy, and selecting judges more sensitive to the original intent of constitutional rights, do readjust power in a more federalist manner, they do not reduce it. Central government power is diminished only by placing it somewhere else. If it moves from executive to legislative or judicial, it is still liable to abuse by the capital. The only solution to the problem of power is to privatize it, which means the central government simply moves out, or to de-nationalize it by switching revenue sources to some more local power.

The practical point is that as long as people demand government solutions to domestic social problems, federalism — the shifting of national government programs to local governments — will be an attractive alternative. Local government can solve problems better, is closer and more humane, and offers freer choice. The major problem of government still is central planning, which has an incredible ordering appeal for those without a philosophical or theistic explanation of the world. The goals of managing the economy, or rationalizing the environment, or recreating the world in the image of the family evoke deep emotions no matter how poorly central planning has worked in practice. A political program that cannot accommodate reasonable desires for government services (primarily utilizing market mechanisms to make them efficient) will not be relevant. If demands are limited by reasonable property and civil rights, local governments can satisfy those demands, and if there are many of them, can still allow freedom through popular choice of a community that most closely fits individual preferences for public good.

The conservative vision for the 21st century is as simple to conceive as it is difficult to accomplish. The goal is to complete the transformation from the national welfare state to a federalist society by making the recreation of federalism the vision for the Republican Party, and then for the nation itself. George Bush and mainline Republicans can be relied upon to fight the good fight until 1996. But "no new taxes" is not a program for the long run. By definition, it is without a positive meaning, unable to inspire, especially for idealistic youth seeking new worlds to conquer.

The conservative movement's mission is to transform the debate. It is not freedom or community, but communities in a structure of freedom. Federalism creates an economic market but also a market of governments, which allows different preference orderings for public goods to be established in different locations within geographical areas, and the national freedom to choose between them. In such a system, power is divided into a natural hierarchy that respects freedom and community, by relying first upon the individual and the family; then on local voluntary and community organizations, private businesses and corporations; then municipalities, counties, and states; and only, as last resort, Washington — a definition of the free society Gallup still finds supported by 80 percent of Americans.

The welfare state, crafted in the early 20th century by Woodrow Wilson, collapsed in stagflation under Jimmy Carter because it did not work. Then Ronald Reagan began the long climb back to free and federalist principles, with George Bush still carrying the mission forward. But the conservative movement must now complete the march by raising the bold colors of federalism as the center of its agenda to extend freedom into the next century. ◈

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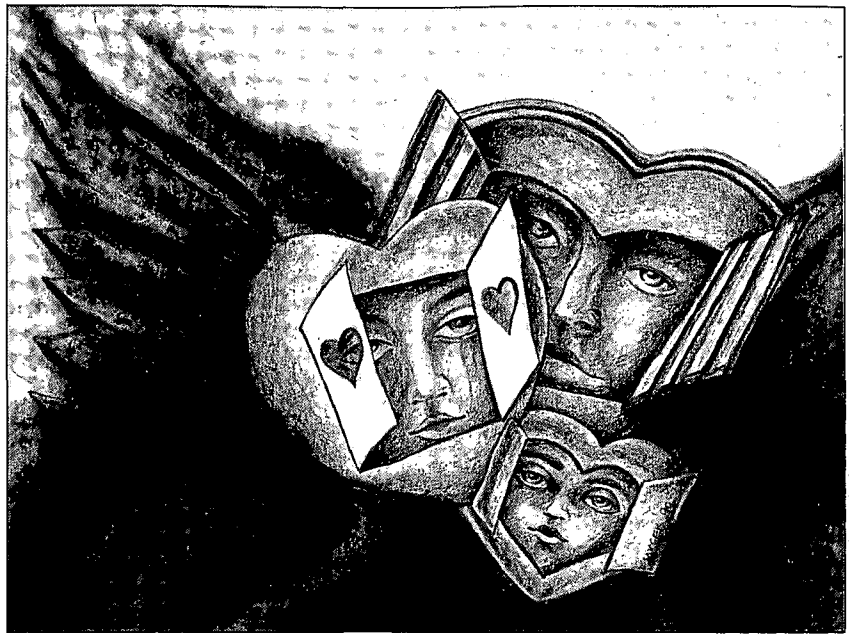
Leviathan's Children

The Family Policy of Sweden . . . and the U.S. Army

by Allan Carlson



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Washington *apparatchiks* have spent the last two decades in a frustrating search for a theme that could carry the sagging American welfare state. There are signs now that they have finally identified a two-headed creature slouching toward Bethlehem-on-the-Potomac to be born: "families" and "children." Jimmy Carter had a vague sense of the political power behind these words, but his White House Conference on Families degenerated into a nasty fray over definition of the key word. In the mid-1980's, New York Governor Mario Cuomo made headlines and rhetorical headway with speeches about "the family in America," using the label as a metaphor for collective social responsibility. More recently, the sorry status of many American children (e.g., relatively high levels of illiteracy, illegal drug use, and poverty) and the strains on family living created by the two-career couple have brought the solicitous attention of the pols and pledges to use the "Peace Dividend" to help "all our children."

Fortunately, history offers a few lessons about governmental efforts to help families and children. For over one hundred years, a common explanatory theory has been advanced to buttress the case for state intervention. Modern conditions of industrialization and urban living, it says, have shattered inherited community supports, put intense pressure on families, and created an array of new social problems: hunger, city poverty, and the control of urban children. Traditional structures of relief such as churches and extended families, the theory goes on, are unable to cope with these problems, leaving government as the only vehicle capable of social reconstruction.

American sociologist William Ogburn, writing in the 1920's, emphasized the family's progressive "loss of function," as economic, educational, and even religious activities left the home, passing over to professional guidance and control, while families refocused on the remaining "personality function." By the 1930's, observers pointed to low birthrates throughout Western Europe as signs of distress and of the family's inability to cope. Conservatives, fascists, and socialists alike came to agree on the need for expanded family benefits. As Swedish theorist Alva Myrdal explained, "a portion of the traditional family tasks must be socialized. Modern society must free families from the anxieties which modern society itself has placed on families."

What have been the results? Answers are found in two very different socialist experiments: in the Swedish welfare state, 1935-75; and among those families in the Cold War military services of the United States, 1947-90.

The family crisis in Sweden welled up twice in mid-century, first in the mid-1930's, and again a decade later. Socialists and conservatives agreed on the need to remove the "living standard penalty" imposed by children on traditional family life. The new programs included child allowances, free education, family housing subsidies, maternity assistance, family health care, state run daycare, and various youth services.

For a time, the results seemed to confirm the soundness of both theory and response. Swedish marriage and birthrates climbed in the late 1940's, and the nation apparently

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returned to traditional standards of family life and morality. Writing in 1954, Danish sociologist Kaare Svalastoga described the typical Swedish family as consisting of husband, wife, and two children, with the husband as the only breadwinner and a "patricentral" distribution of power. Other evidence of triumphant Leave-It-To-Beaverism came from a contemporary Gallup Poll which found that 90 percent of Swedes considered absolute marital fidelity "indispensable" to happiness. The country's 1956 *Handbook on Sex Instruction in Swedish Schools* declared it "extremely important that pupils should realize fully that home and family are the ground rock of society, cemented together partly by love between man and woman and parents and children, partly by law." Even the number of legal abortions in Sweden declined by nearly 40 percent.

However, this sweet domestic interlude papered over deeper pressures building within the welfare structure. All new state benefits, for example, were granted to both legitimate and illegitimate children, and commonly paid out through the mother. Both innovations helped undermine the natural economic gains of marriage. New equal pay laws, designed to protect working mothers, had the effect of dismantling the semiformal "family wage" system that undergirded the patricentral family. Swedish family housing projects rejected the single-family home model and gave preference to multifamily, high-rise dwellings, which discouraged family autonomy and encouraged a turn by individuals from family to peers as the dominant force in the shaping of values.

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As in Sweden, here the welfare state has been converted into an engine destructive of traditional family bonds and duties.

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A similar, albeit little-noticed American experiment in socialist family policy developed on our military posts in the 1940's and 1950's, the consequence of a dramatic break in American tradition. The nation's founders had held a deep distrust of a large standing army, seeing such a force as a threat to political liberties and regional loyalties. Their alternative vision saw small, elite services supplemented by a citizen reserve in periods of crisis or war. This model remained the American norm from 1775 to 1947, supplemented by the assumptions that officers would take care of their own families, while enlisted men would remain bachelors. Until 1942, for example, Army regulations forbade the peacetime enlistment or reenlistment of men with wives or children.

The emergence of the Cold War in 1947-48 shattered this arrangement. The assumption of long-term international commitments meant retention of a full-time military force numbering two million or more. Given such numbers, the maintenance of a bachelor force would no longer be realistic, and attempts to reconcile family living with the demands of martial discipline proceeded.

At one level, these attempts were cultural in nature. For officers, marriage came to be considered vital for career advancement, and divorce detrimental. Their ladies entered an elaborate world of social customs and unofficial duties centered on the officers' wives clubs found on every post.

Among the enlisted ranks, the socialization of the military's new families proceeded more directly through the crafting of a comprehensive welfare system, and the emergence of a new category of persons: "military dependents." Military planners reasoned that special welfare benefits would usefully insulate personnel from the civilian world, provide a sense of security, foster morale, and encourage solidarity. Family measures created in the 1940's included expanded dependent allotments, some medical benefits including obstetrical care, and subsidized food and consumer goods in Post Exchanges. The 1950's witnessed a rapid growth in on-base family housing construction, passage of the Dependents Medical Care Act of 1956, and creation of daycare centers on both domestic and foreign posts, the latter action designed "to enhance the morale of servicemen and their families." The services reached a milestone in 1960, as military dependents outnumbered active duty uniformed personnel for the first time. This led to creation of the Army Community Service Program and its naval and air force equivalents, followed by the comprehensive Civilian Health and Medical Program of the Uniformed Services (CHAMPUS) in 1966, which further expanded the availability of government medical care.

While the details differed, this list of benefits bore a striking similarity to the system found in Sweden. Our nation's strategy for battling scientific socialism abroad essentially involved the socializing of our military families at home.

Did this military version of the pro-family welfare state work, in the sense of encouraging traditional family life? As in Sweden: for a time, yes. Military officers in the 1960's, for example, were much more likely to marry, and much less likely to divorce, than their civilian counterparts. As one researcher put it, the officer's "loyalty to the country, to the Air Force, and the unit may carry over into loyalty to the wife." The wives of both officers and enlisted men were also much less likely to be employed than civilian wives. Some evidence even suggested a pro-natal result, seen in an elevated fertility rate among military families.

But again as in Sweden, surface success concealed weaknesses. The delicate balance in military gender roles, for example, was vulnerable to outside challenges, particularly pressure from feminist and egalitarian interests after 1970 to open the service academies and combat roles to women. Similarly, bureaucratic control of "military dependents" tempted planners to renege on their roles as defenders of social tradition, and instead take the more interesting role of "vanguard of modernization." As Harvard sociologist M.D. Feld explained in 1978: "One consequence of the contemporary fusion of the notions of national security and national welfare has been the sensible eradication of the conceptual distinction between the nation-in-arms and the nation at peace. . . . It is being replaced by the model of the permanently mobilized state: a state mobilized not for reasons of war, but in order to allocate its resources in the

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fullest and most rational manner possible." The Cold War family, in this view, was merely one variant of the fully socialized family, part of and dependent on the kinder, gentler Leviathan state.

Indeed, both the Swedish and American experiments in the state defense of tradition have recently turned against family life. In Sweden, the shift came in the 1960's, as feminist critics blasted "the almost pathological confinement of mothers," and stimulated a revolution that destroyed the legal and economic bases for marriage. As one expert explained in a quasi-official statement: "I should like to abolish the family as a means of earning a livelihood, let adults be economically independent of each other and give society a large share of responsibility for its children." The 1969 report of the Working Group on Equality, headed by Alva Myrdal, laid out the components of this agenda, which was fully implemented by the mid-1970's. Sweden now boasts of the world's lowest first marriage rate, one of the lowest birthrates, and an illegitimacy ratio of about 500 (per 1,000 live births). While himself an admitted social democrat, Rutgers sociologist David Poponoe argues in his provocative book *Disturbing the Nest: Family Change and Decline in Modern Societies* that "the very nature of the welfare state compromises the institution of the family." Although the Swedish project began with the goal of helping families to function better, "the very acceleration of welfare-state power weakened the family further." This represents a "cultural contradiction" which has played no small part in creating Sweden's contemporary "welfare-state crisis" of rising obligations and insufficient resources.

With some variation, the pattern has been repeated in the American military's socialist experiment. Here, 1970 seems to be the swing date, after which traditional families fell into sustained retreat. Already by 1980, an official Air Force report stated that the traditional family (Air Force father, non-working civilian wife, and one or more children) was disappearing from its ranks. Even when excluding the unmarried, traditional families only represented 28 percent of all Air Force families. At the same time, "new family forms" needing "special supports" emerged as the norm, including dual-career service couples and single-parent (usually meaning "father absent") families. Despite the comprehensive (if, admittedly, often tacky) array of welfare programs already in place, intense pressure grew for additional child care and youth service. One consultant declared that "the provision of child care for military families may be essential today for mission readiness," while the Army Family Action Plan called an expanded child care benefit "a crucial program for the Army."

Building what the Army's 1983 *White Paper* calls military "families of excellence" has, in fact, meant a steady decline in family autonomy, and an embrace of themes and goals hostile to tradition. One Marine Corps study on retention problems among females, for example, proposed that the Corps "help women develop short term alternatives to marriage and pregnancy for overcoming loneliness." Meanwhile, the feminist theory of androgyny—that there are no relevant differences between the sexes—has emerged as a form of military social gospel. As author Brian Mitchell explains in his book *Weak Link*, each military unit now has an "equal opportunity officer" who monitors gender relations and reports violations of policy, "much in the way the Soviet military has Communist Party officers assigned to units to keep Commanders politically straight." As in Sweden, the welfare state has been converted into an engine destructive of traditional family bonds and duties.

In light of these experiences, it is possible to see the flaws implicit in the theory guiding government aid to the family. To begin with, state aid simultaneously creates dependency and undermines responsibility, which creates a dilemma for the rationally constructed welfare state. As one Danish welfare official recently put it: "if [the welfare state] is to fulfill its intended function, its citizens must refrain from exploiting to the fullest its services and provisions—that is, they must behave irrationally, motivated by informed social controls, which, however, tend to disappear as the welfare system grows." The system consumes itself.

Second, it turns out that emotional bonds are not enough to preserve the family as an autonomous social unit. Love is insufficient when arrayed against a state apparatus that has appropriated the functions of early child development, basic education, economic support, recreation, civil religion, and old age security. Simply put, the comprehensive welfare state holds all the "loyalty" trump cards in its hand.

Indeed, if one looks deeper into history, a century-old conflict between the state and the family for the loyalty of the individual grows clear. Mandatory school attendance laws and so-called child labor laws have subverted parental control of the economic lives of children, while a mandatory Social Security System has socialized the insurance value of children, to the advantage of the childless. As the state has grown, the family has lost.

At the more diabolical level, we see that the abstract state has a clear interest in eliminating all institutions that stand between the governors and the governed. As Princeton demographer Norman Ryder has artfully summarized: "Political organizations . . . demand loyalty and attempt to neutralize family particularism. There is a struggle between the family and the state for the minds of the young." In contemporary Sweden, the struggle seems to be over, with the state the undisputed victor. In the United States, the issue awaits firm resolution. Our military families appear to be caught in the same liberty-destroying matrix as the Swedes. However, other developments suggest that some American families are still fighting back: witness the surging home school movement, or the passage in many states of parental notification laws for teenage abortion.

Family autonomy and human liberty will grow only as the state shrinks. The fate of family life in the American national security state suggests that there is no exception to this rule. While dispute rages over the continued existence of a serious Soviet security threat or the pending end of the Cold War, there are independent and compelling reasons for social conservatives to support a sharp reduction in the size of our standing military force. Rather than a blow to conservative principles, this action would represent a traditionalist liberation from the misshapen socialism that has recently taken root in the services. The same reasons urge continued opposition to proposals that would subject American civilians to the Swedenization that has befallen our military compatriots. ◇

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Little Jimmy's Last Hurrah

by Clyde Wilson

"A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation."
—James Freeman Clarke

The Last of the Fathers: James Madison and the Republican Legacy
by Drew R. McCoy
Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press; 386 pp., $29.95

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James Madison was not "The Father of the Constitution." I know you were probably taught that in school. I myself am guilty of having foisted that old truism of the history classroom off on countless sullen but gullible undergraduates. That comes of my believing what I was told, until firsthand investigation and reflection taught me better.

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What Madison is the father of is every trimming and time-serving politician who ever played the middle against both ends, obscured the real issues with verbiage, and bent the Constitution to fit his own abstract conceptions of government.

All of Madison's prominence was owed to three factors—an over-facile pen; his family connections and friendship with Jefferson; and his staying power (though he considered himself too frail to take part in the War of Independence in his 20's, he lived to be 85, being the last surviving member of the Philadelphia Convention and leaving the most extensive notes of the proceedings of that closed-door affair).

Far from being the prominent member of the Convention that he portrayed himself to be, having pushed himself in by means of his father's great holdings in one part of Virginia, he found his overly grandiose and overly abstract schemes swiftly shunted aside by more experienced and sensible men. (M.E. Bradford has given a good account of this in "The Great Convention as Comic Action.") His role in securing ratification in Virginia has often been exaggerated, as has the influence, at the time, of *The Federalist Papers*. (As if such men as General Washington and John Marshall needed the help of little Jimmy Madison in securing approval of the Constitution!)

His election as President rested not on any merit or popularity of his own, but simply on his friendship with Jefferson, by which he managed by a narrow margin to win precedence over Monroe, a far better man though not as artful a dodger. Madison left the Presidency having failed as an executive, as a party leader, and as a national symbol. His large reputation in history

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is mostly a creation of much later times—the New Deal era especially—when politicians have found his ambiguous and protean Constitution amenable to their purposes.

Madison was not in any sense a great thinker. In Jefferson's letters and writings we can find hundreds of quotable and striking thoughts; in all of Madison's vast squibblings, very little. Of all the Founding Fathers, he, because of his superficiality, lends himself the most readily to modernization and liberalization. That is why he is called "The Father of the Constitution."

Throughout his life, as is amply documented here though to a different import than I am placing on it, he did all in his power to prevent issues from being clarified and settled, which is the classic attitude of the politician as opposed to the statesman. First allied with Hamilton in the attempt to secure a strongly centralized government, he shifted to an alliance with Jefferson to the opposite end. In his later years, which are covered by this book, during the nullification crisis he secretly played both sides for all they were worth. First, he denied that the interposition of South Carolina against the tariff was the same thing as had been initiated (if not consummated) by Virginia and Kentucky in 1798-99, which was a falsehood. (In response Jefferson's son-in-law produced the original draft of the Kentucky Resolutions in Jefferson's hand, which was an even stronger assertion of state sovereignty than what was actually adopted.) Madison attacked nullification for going too far, and then he attacked its opponents for going too far the other way. This might be considered, as it is by Professor McCoy, to be a noble pursuit of "balance" among viewpoints. It might also be considered lying and cowardice.

There were in the early Republic only two honest positions to take. One was to side with Hamilton, Marshall, and Webster in the pursuit of a vigorous centralized government. The other choice was to follow Jefferson, John Taylor, and Calhoun in defending the agrarian republic. Congressional sovereignty versus state sovereignty; a commercial progressive society versus an agrarian one. (There was no question that the overwhelming majority of people preferred the Jeffersonian version at first, if not later.) Both these positions were forthright and patriotic, involving a sincere vision of the future of America.

Madison's response—exactly that of the vile cunning politician and the timid scholar in any situation—was to take both positions at once: divided sovereignty, whatever that is, and a "balance" of interests. He was followed in this by a host of cunning politicians, especially Martin Van Buren, the real architect of modern American democracy (and not his unwitting cover, Andrew Jackson). The practical result was to confuse the issues hopelessly, to prevent their clarification and peaceful solution, and to render the national discourse forever into a deceitful game that avoided real issues.

Since Madison's later career was spent on the Jeffersonian side, he did the most extensive damage to that side—by professing to uphold its principles while constantly cutting the ground from under them. His role in the slavery controversy was the same. He condemned slavery in principle, and also condemned its opposite, anti-slavery.

I should make it clear that I am conveying my view of Madison, not Professor McCoy's. He is a good deal more scholarly, sympathetic, and temperate in his evaluation than I am, though he is certainly aware, and explores in detail and with insight, some of the ambiguities I have mentioned.

This book deals with Madison's later years (he left the White House in 1817 and lived until 1836) and with certain of his disciples of the next generation, whose careers and ideas are traced up to the Civil War and beyond. Thus the book is not about the early Republic, but is a study of antebellum America and particularly of the slavery issue, which Madison and his heirs failed totally to cope with. This middle period of American history is in many ways the most important and the least understood part of our past, and this book is an honest, original, and penetrating look at some aspects of it.

One of the most interesting unasked questions in American history is what happened to Virginia after its central and premier role in the Revolution and the early Republic. It retained for a long time its prestige, and any significant Virginia politician was *ipso facto* a national figure, but after Monroe it failed to make any creative or even important contribution to our political history. This was something that Calhoun often pointed out: if Virginia would only get its act together and take its proper place at the head of the Union, most problems could be solved. McCoy does not answer the question "why not" fully, but he asks it and contributes to its answer.

There are several reasons why most American historians have not asked the question. One is that they lack sufficient historical imagination for it to have occurred to them. A more important reason is that modern Americans are simply emotionally incapable of recognizing the fact that a preponderance of their great Founders and early leaders were, in their primary social identity, Southern slaveholders. Thus they are condemned always to puerile and superficial misunderstandings of their own history. For some reason it is easier to put this fact out of mind in dealing with the early period than with the antebellum period, although, in fact, slavery was quite as salient in American life in 1787, if not more so, than in 1860. McCoy is too good a historian to avoid the hard issues, however.

Madison spent his entire life as a slaveholder, and a major one, although like Jefferson and some other—though not all—of the Southern leaders of the early Republic, he was theoretically opposed to it. He was never able, and, McCoy suggests, not really willing, to do anything about it, which, obviously, was a great tragedy. Much of the book is concerned with three followers of Madison in the next generation who also failed to make much headway: Edward Coles, Nicholas P. Trist, and William Cabell Rives. Thus we have an intimate firsthand view of the Madisonian legacy in the immediate post-Madisonian period.

All three of these figures were Virginians of the planter class. Coles moved to Illinois, emancipated his slaves, and played an important part in averting the real possibility of slavery being introduced legally into Illinois. Thereafter he became increasingly bitter and marginalized. Having, he thought, attempted to implement the Madisonian desire for emancipation,

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he found Madison to be, in fact, restraining and rather lukewarm.

Nicholas P. Trist, another émigré Virginian, was an intellectual dilettante who spent most of his life in minor patronage positions in the federal government. He attempted, unsuccessfully, to apply "Madisonian" principles of balance to the seam-splitting, unruly America of the Jacksonian and antebellum eras, but only succeeded in being ineffectual and irrelevant.

The most important, but least interesting, of the three junior Madisonians was Rives, who was off and on Senator from Virginia as well as U.S. Minister to France, Madison's official biographer, and probably as famous a figure in his own time as Calhoun, Clay, or Webster. Rives played the perfect Madisonian role in national politics. He was definitely for state rights, but nullification was going too far. The South was definitely justified in rebutting outside interference with slavery, but it was not justified in actually defending slavery. When the question was national bank or no national bank, Rives supported a sort of seminational bank.

Having spent his entire career working, with considerable success, to disrupt Calhoun's efforts to clarify the issues to their fundamentals and unite the South, he ended—too late by his own standards—in the 1860's exactly where Calhoun had been decades before: as a member of the Confederate Congress. It was a career of total foolishness and failure.

What is most valuable in Professor McCoy's work is his exploration of all the gradations of opinion and reaction of Madison and his three disciples as they attempted to apply their version of the Founding principles to new times and new forces. These were not few and simple views and responses but many and complex ones, as McCoy makes clear in his sophisticated exposition, and they were concerned with such fundamental matters as executive versus legislative power, or state versus central authority; with traditional principles of political economy confronted by new conditions; and with the issue of slavery and the position of the black minority in American society.

The bottom line is an indication of failure. McCoy, like any good modern, sees this failure as a sign of moral weakness in Madison and in men like him who did not follow through on their professed antislavery views by becoming abolitionists and egalitarians. In a sense, this is an unhistorical reading of the period, because freeing the black people was simply not as important a priority to Madison as it now seems to us, nor was it ever conceivable for him to adopt the modern role of Olympian reformer or to forward emancipation without riding roughshod over all the principles of government that he held sacred.

But failure did occur in a way the author does not recognize. When a real leader appeared—Calhoun, who was also a statesman and political thinker of a high order—it was the Madisonian legacy of trimming and seeking an "artificial" balance that prevented the only solution that was possible in Madison's own conception of government: it was for the South to unite itself sufficiently to deal with the issues in its own time and in its own way according to federal and consensual principles within the Union. The failure to do so created, finally, a situation with no issue except conquest and the permanent destruction of the old federal Republic, which it had been Madison's fondest hope to preserve.

BRIEF MENTIONS

RONALD REAGAN AND THE PUBLIC LANDS: AMERICA'S CONSERVATION DEBATE, 1979-1984
by C. Brant Short
College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 178 pp., $13.95 (paper) $27.50 (cloth)

This book is the tenth and most recent volume in Texas A&M's Environmental History Series. C. Brant Short teaches rhetoric and communications at Idaho State University, and this book is derived from his doctoral dissertation.

Short tells two stories, and tells them well: how ecology brought preservationists and utilitarians together in a "conservation consensus" in the 1960's, and how the election of Ronald Reagan and the rise of the New Right challenged this consensus in the 1980's. Until the 60's, advocates of development and advocates of preservation based their ideology upon a human-centered world view: the decision either to preserve or to develop the wilderness was based solely on how mankind would benefit from such action. Ecology changed all this. Founded on the writings of such people as Aldo Leopold and Rachel Carson, ecology placed the survival of the ecosystem over the aesthetic or economic needs of society. This view held sway until 1980, when the public—long weary from the "malaise" of the Carter years—found refreshing and reassuring Ronald Reagan's ideas of abundant energy and economic growth. When Reagan asked at what cost does a society preserve its forests, rangelands, and mountains, and whether conservation symbolized abundance rather than scarcity, the public was ready to listen. The rise and fall of James Watt and the privatization of public lands were two manifestations of this conservation debate.

Unfortunately, like most books deriving from dissertations, Short's chapters read more like a collection of freestanding essays rather than as subsets of a smoothly unfolding theme. Mr. Short also falls into the same trap that has snagged virtually every academic writing about environmental history. He finds the roots of America's conservation debate in the famous turn-of-the-century battle between utilitarian Gifford Pinchot and preservationist John Muir over California's Hetch Hetchy Valley. This is wrong. As historian Nelson Van Valen pointed out in a 1981 essay, the first significant delineation of the conservation debate occurred more than two generations earlier, between the equally redoubtable antagonists Marmaduke Temple and Nathaniel Bumppo, in James Fenimore Cooper's 1823 novel *The Pioneers*. The roots of America's conservation debate may lie deeper in fiction than in politics.

—Theodore Pappas

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A Man for Distinctions

by Paul Gottfried

"The Jews are a race apart. They have made laws according to their own fashion, and keep them."
—Celsus

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Ecology of Religion: From Writing to Religion in the Study of Judaism
by Jacob Neusner
Nashville: Abingdon Press;
320 pp., $27.95

◆

Jacob Neusner's bibliography is as long as the laundry list of a professional football team. Only in his mid-50's, Neusner has published more than two hundred books—including detailed studies of the various rabbinic commentaries on the Five Books of Moses and histories of Babylonian Jewry and of the primitive church—and several hundred scholarly essays. He has also edited annotated translations of the Mishnah, the extensive rabbinic law code, and published translations of the two authoritative redactions of the Talmud. While Neusner has written on contemporary Jewish issues and (as a member of the NEH and NEA), has ventured bold opinions on the arts and on the state of academic learning, his real reputation is based on his prodigious scholarly accomplishments.

Concerning these accomplishments, two general observations are in order. The first is that the conclusions Neusner draws have often been offensive to self-designated Jewish spokesmen. His interpretations of Talmudic texts and the claims he makes for them have drawn fire, most notably two years ago from the *Commentary*-contributor and Jewish apologist Hyam Maccoby; while several months ago, the Jewish Theological Seminary, where Neusner received his rabbinic ordination, in effect withdrew the offer to confer an honorary doctorate which they had previously granted, claiming that, it being inappropriate to give the degree to his designated surrogate (Neusner being unable to attend the ceremony, owing to an attack of gout), the award would be postponed indefinitely. The disinviting of Neusner occurred shortly after he had printed an essay that criticized the methodology of a then

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recently-deceased member of the Jewish Theological Seminary's faculty.

The other relevant observation about Neusner's scholarship is that much of it is impenetrable except to a Talmud student with extensive knowledge of German social thought. In almost all his commentaries on Talmudic literature, Neusner emphasizes that the texts are governed by their own intrinsic logic, an assumption he applies especially to the two redactions of the Talmud, one compiled in and around Jerusalem in the middle of the fifth century and the other compiled in Babylonia by the end of the sixth. Whereas the Mishnaic texts (later integrated into the Talmud) made unambiguous declarations about ritual, criminal procedures, and tort law, the Talmudic rabbis, by contrast, spoke in a coded fashion. They used allegories (often literally interpreted by Orthodox Jews) and a complicated system of citing text proofs from the Mishnah and Pentateuch to clarify and substantiate legal rulings. Neusner has written extensively on the logic of fixed association found in the Talmud. He shows how this logic emerges in the earlier Talmudic redaction, the Yerushalmi, and through other rabbinic texts that he has also translated, Tosefta, Leviticus Rabbah, Genesis Rabbah, and Sifré to Numbers. These texts form thematic and methodological links between the Yerushalmi and the second Talmudic redaction, the Bavli, which became everywhere authoritative for Jewish learning and religious practice. The Bavli, as viewed by Neusner, incorporated materials and experiences that were still of marginal importance to the redactions of the Yerushalmi. It is full of allegory and expansive text proof; also it addresses the central crisis in Jewish history since the destruction of the Second Temple and the fall of the Second Jewish Commonwealth—the conversion of pagan antiquity to Christianity.

Neusner repeatedly states that the Christians' challenge was a compelling reason for the self-enclosed system that he identifies with the Babylonian Talmud and that he also considers essential for grasping the Bavli's widespread authority. Faced by a conversionary religion that addressed the Gentiles from Hebrew texts but also abrogated scriptural and rabbinic practices, the authors of the Bavli tried to create a *cordon sanitaire* for their people. Neusner describes how threatened and persecuted Jews eagerly accepted the protective device. A life devoted to Talmud separated them from a successor religion whose adherents sought to fragment their community. It amused them to stand apart in all details of their outward existence; and it provided a mode of thinking and discourse that was systematically rigorous but also distinct from the classical, largely Aristotelian, argumentation used by the early church.

Neusner maintains that modern Western expositions of the Talmud have usually foundered on the shoals of the unwelcome distinction between the open logic of classical learning and the "closed hermeneutics" of rabbinic discourse. It is misleading, Neusner argues, to point to apparent parallels between Aristotelian and Talmudic syllogisms. Unlike the Logic, the Bavli does not point beyond the texts it seeks to relate; "In forming the large world in which everything would be contained in some one thing, the Bavli's authorship relied for connection upon the received text, and necessarily drew conclusions resting upon connection solely within the dictates of an a priori and imputed system of making connections. There [were] connections supplied, and not discovered, structures ultimately imputed through extrinsic processes of thought, not nurtured through the proposed testing of propositions intrinsic to the matter at hand."

This closed hermeneutic made it impossible, according to Neusner, for those exclusively absorbed in the Talmud to arrive at science and philosophy. Such disciplines rested on changing associations and universally accessible forms of verification. Nonetheless, Talmudic learning provided a specifically Jewish path to redemption. It sustained and kept unified a humiliated people, while sharpening their dialectical skills. It did enough, that is to say, without making claims for the rabbis that lay outside their enterprise.

In Neusner's newest book, *The Ecology of Religion*, he sets out to clarify with reference to Judaism "the interplay between a religious system and the social world that gave to that system its shape and meaning." He looks at the "interrelated components" of Judaism as a religious system through the "documentary method" developed in his earlier scholarship. By determining the intention of particular pieces of rabbinic literature, Neusner hopes to uncover their function in what became the prevalent Jewish world view after the destruction of the Second Temple. However convoluted and apocopated rabbinic arguments may be, Neusner insists on looking at them as "statements" about Jewish destiny. Commentaries on Leviticus and Numbers incorporating Mishnaic passages, allegorical interpretations of Scripture, and the works and sayings ascribed to the Sages are all shown to be interwoven into the rabbinic canon in accordance with certain persistent concerns: maintaining Jewish community in the wake of misfortune, and upholding a specifically Jewish understanding of Scripture as a guide for ritual practice and as a promise of Jewish national redemption. As for the last motif, the rabbis provided it with a noncontroversial context: they referred irresolvable legal quandaries to a future messianic age and portrayed the Messiah King as a legal scholar. And while they held on to the dream of rebuilding the Temple a second time, they also equated prayer and legal study with the bringing of sacrifices. The rabbis also stressed the equality of priests and nonpriests in terms of the performance of ritual obligations and the need for atonement.

Neusner undertakes his study as a self-described Weberian, attempting to relate the religious view he analyzes to a system of political economy. He notes Max Weber's achievement in plotting a relationship between the world's religions and the organization of power and material resources in the societies subject to these patterns of belief. Though Neusner has written knowledgeably on rabbinic economics, he does not bring off his Weberian project, which in any case forms only a subtheme in the present volume. His failure results at least in part from one of his chief accomplishments: that is, the exhaustive definition of rabbinic Judaism as one of several different forms of Judaism. Rabbinic Judaism is seen to have both developed and prospered in a situation of political power-

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lessness; unlike Christianity, Islam, and even biblical Judaism, it never maintained a self-sufficient imperium. Neusner may be justified in exploring "ecologically" within a communal context such as Judaism, but it is doubtful whether the term "political economy" describes the object of his study. It is ironic that Neusner himself has exposed the many flaws in Weber's *Ancient Judaism*, including its faulty use of categories in analyzing ancient Jewish life.

What Neusner claims or refuses to claim for rabbinic—i.e., normative—Judaism contributes to his controversial place as a Jewish thinker. Most Orthodox Jews who are acquainted with his scholarship have reservations about it. Though an observant Jew, Neusner makes no secret that he approaches Talmudic literature as a scholar, not as an Orthodox apologist. Neusner calls attention to the historical circumstances in which rabbinic discussions occurred, and he pays little attention to those medieval glossators whose comments appear alongside Talmudic passages and whom the Orthodox consult for interpreting their ancient sacred texts. Perhaps Orthodox Jews are also embarrassed by Neusner for the same reason as are their liberal coreligionists: namely, his unwillingness to make Judaism resemble some ancient form of ethical rationalism. Though Orthodox Jews do not believe that their tradition is really enlightened religion, some do feel that it may be best for Gentiles to think otherwise. Reacting to the conventional charge that Jews are clannish, even Orthodox Jews may wince at Neusner's stress on the closed nature of Jewish learning.

To liberal Jews, who dominate Jewish philanthropic and public relations organizations, Neusner is undoubtedly an embarrassment. He exalts Judaism for precisely those characteristics from which liberal Jews wish to dissociate themselves: ancestral piety, devotion to received custom, rejection of open-mindedness in favor of a self-enclosed body of truth. Neusner not only finds anti-liberal values at the heart of narrative Judaism, but even argues on their behalf. On the basis of his writings one can infer not only his own Jewish belief but sociological assumptions traceable to Max Weber and Ferdinand Tönnies. Like these German social thinkers, Neusner believes that communities are built around cults, that social prescriptions and economic attitudes come from ingrained religious attitudes, and that modern social science represents, in large part, an attempt to escape the obvious. The movement from organic community to an impersonal civil society, which Tönnies was among the first to examine, creates for Neusner a civilizational problem. Because of this movement, he has explained, we have lost our understanding of community even as a historical phenomenon. Thus his association of normative Judaism with a closed hermeneutic has unleashed an attack from those who cannot see good coming from traditional communal existence.

Some of the most impassioned invectives against Neusner have emanated from those who dislike his more accessible writing. Those comments of his that have elicited the most widespread negative reaction have in fact been on the subjects of holocaust theology and American Zionism. On both subjects Neusner has spoken critically, from a normative Jewish perspective. He has reproved holocaust theologians for their explicit or implicit atheism and for their reduction of Judaism to a form of Third World victimology. He has also accused them of driving a wedge between Jewish and Christian Americans by their indiscriminate attacks on Christians and Christianity as the cause of the holocaust.

On Israel, Neusner has spoken all too frankly in (among other places) the *Washington Post*. He urges American Jews to stop pretending they are about to move to Israel while proclaiming Israel as the cultural center of Jewish life. Although Neusner supports the right of Israel to exist and prosper as a Jewish state, he has no use for the exaggerated praise sometimes lavished on Israeli society. As a patriotic American, he thinks that American Jews owe their first loyalty to the United States and that they should certainly not repay the country in which Jews have prospered most by treating it as an alien, hostile land. To a Jewish critic who noted a similarity between Weimar Germany and the United States, Neusner replied with an offer to buy his critic a one-way flight from Chicago to Tel Aviv.

In all fairness to him, it needs to be said that Neusner does not entirely neglect the value of universal accessibility in the articulation of religious insights. In his studies on the confrontation of Judaism and early Christianity—and particularly in his remarks on Aphrahat, a fourth-century monk who wrote in Syriac against the Jewish claim to continued divine election—Neusner sympathetically presents both sides of the great religious debate. He praises Aphrahat for his mastery of Aristotelian logic, and, in a conversation with me, identified this pugnacious monk as "one of us"—that is, a "bearer of the classical Western intellectual tradition."

LIBERAL ARTS

BARBED-WIRE BARBS

A new battle over sobriquets is under way. Last year it was Fraser, Colorado, and International Falls, Minnesota, that battled for "Icebox of the Nation." This year it's LaCrosse, Kansas, and McLean, Texas, fighting for "The Barbed-Wire Capital of the World."

It seems that McLean plans to convert a former Sears, Roebuck & Company brassiere factory into a barbed-wire museum. This didn't go over well with the people at the barbed-wire museum in LaCrosse, which has long laid claim to the title "Barbed-Wire Capital of the World." LaCrosse's museum is only five hundred square feet and is only open three days a week, whereas McLean's brassiere factory offers some 14,000 square feet for a new museum and is situated along a major highway. Not to be outdone, LaCrosse has announced that construction will soon begin to enlarge their facility. "This is real important," said Rick Weigel, head of LaCrosse's museum committee. "We're known as the Barbed-Wire Capital of the World and we want to keep being known as the Barbed-Wire Capital of the World."

Don Taylor, past president of the Wichita Barbed Wire Collectors Association, said that there were enough strands of spiked wire to fill two museums.

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Even so, at least part of Neusner's heart remains with Aphrahat's rabbinic opponents and with all Jewish apologists engaged in a holding action against an already triumphant Christianity. Turning to a coded polemic in order to express themselves against Christian persecutions, the rabbis moved toward an increasingly veiled and esoteric relationship to the outside world. The closed hermeneutic was the necessary price of Jewish national existence and of a related Jewish spirituality. But Neusner does not deny the redemptive value of Christianity's open hermeneutic—or the possibility that Judaism could incorporate Hellenic and Christian modes of discourse without ceasing to be Jewish. The Talmudic experience has been indispensable for Jewish existence, but its closed hermeneutic, Neusner says, has already been complemented by the Jewish absorption of Western ideas.

Neusner, one should mention, is no provincial. He has studied or taught at nearly half the Ivy League schools, spent time at Oxford and Hebrew University, and is presently associated with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. When he laments—as he often does—the degradation of American higher learning, he is passing critical judgments from Brown, where he only recently retired as a distinguished university professor. The scion of a socially established family from West Hartford, he speaks of discovering his Judaism as an already mostly forgotten ancestral memory. Unlike many other Jewish intellectuals, Neusner gives no indication of suffering from status anxiety. Almost instinctively patriotic, he is a conservative Republican, and the proud father of an ensign in the U.S. Navy. Also, he seems to have friendlier (and certainly less agonized) relations with many Christian thinkers and Christian writers—for example, Andrew Greeley—than with other Jewish intellectuals.

His background helps us to see in proper perspective a provocative essay that he recently published in *The World & I*: "Two Faiths Talking About Different Things." In this piece, Neusner begins by declaring that "Judaism and Christianity are completely different religions, not different versions of one religion. . . . The two faiths stand for different people talking about different things to different people." Although the earliest Christians were indeed observant and professing Jews, and although Christianity and Judaism are both authentic Hebraic religions, Neusner chooses to highlight their differences. He observes, for example, that "Christians saw Israel as a family; Pharisees saw it as a way of life." Moreover, "[t]he Christians carried forward one aspect of Scripture's doctrine of Israel and the Pharisees another." Neusner piles one contrast on another: Judaism's appeal to a historic community as against Christianity's concern with individual salvation; the Christian reconstruction of the Israeli covenant around all mankind under Christ as opposed to Judaism's covenant based on the continuity of ritual life and national cohesion.

The point that needs to be recalled here is that Neusner admires both Judaism and Christianity. He underlines their differences not for the sake of invidious comparison, but because he wishes to show that the concept of a "Judeo-Christian religion" remains problematic, though not for the reasons often given in popular Jewish publications. What ultimately stands in the way of any mutual acceptance of a Judeo-Christian synthesis is neither persistent Christian anti-Semitism nor Jewish provincialism, nor an imagined Gnostic pollution of Judaism committed by New Testament authors. Neusner believes that Jews and Christians follow parallel but distinct paths to salvation, and that their theological distinctness, combined with their theological overlap, has made their relationship uneasy. Neusner's pluralistic universe has a place for both religions, but he considers it important that the adherents of each recognize each other's honest differences. Without abandoning his own Jewish faith, Neusner believes that Christianity represents a defensible alternative to the Jewish understanding of Scripture. But he also insists that the Christian view of Scripture is not the same as the Jewish one. Thus, attempts to cobble together civil religions embracing both Judaism and Christianity are bound to fail, or to end in dishonesty.

As a critic of false universalisms and a defender of community, Jacob Neusner goes beyond the field of Judaic studies, which he has done more than anyone else to make academically respectable. He has become willy-nilly a part of the intellectual counterrevolution already taking place in American universities. Against those who use higher education to promote secularism and cultural homogeneity, Neusner defends the communally-founded vision of historic Judaism. Setting out to define the closed hermeneutic of rabbinic Judaism, he has ultimately confirmed the underlying premise of 19th-century European sociology. Contrary to academic and journalistic superstition, social studies deal with situated peoples and nations, not with an imaginary global village. ◇

LIBERAL ARTS

ON 'QUEER THEORY'

The project of this conference is based on the theoretical hypothesis that sexual marginality, in particular homosexuality, is no longer to be seen either as merely transgressive or deviant, according to the older, pathological model, vis-à-vis a proper sexuality (i.e., institutionalized reproductive sexuality). Nor is it just another, optional "lifestyle," according to the model of contemporary pluralism. In short, it is no longer to be seen as marginal with regard to a dominant, stable form of sexuality (heterosexuality) against which it would be defined by opposition or similarity (homology). Instead, male and female homosexualities are to be reconceptualized as social and cultural forms in their own right, albeit emergent ones and thus still fuzzily defined, undercoded, or discursively dependent on more established forms. . . .

—from the "Queer Theory" Conference Proposal of the Center for Cultural Studies, University of California at Santa Cruz

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When the Old Order Passes

by Madison Smartt Bell

"The course of a river is almost always disapproved of by its source."
—Jean Cocteau

The Homestead
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.
New York: Grove Weidenfeld;
288 pp., $18.95

◆

There's a story about the filming of *The Big Sleep* that ought to be true even if it isn't. When Howard Hawks was supervising the final cut he realized he didn't know who had killed the butler, so he summoned the screenwriter, William Faulkner, to find out. Faulkner's response was *Hellifl-know*. The two of them then called upon Raymond Chandler for the solution; the punch line is that Chandler didn't know either.

Chilton Williamson's *The Homestead* is among other things a tissue of conscious and deliberate literary allusions, to Faulkner, Hemingway, Robert Penn Warren, Flannery O'Connor, Voltaire, Homer. . . . Its resemblance to the Raymond Chandler opus may, on the other hand, be inadvertent. Most apparently the novel is a what-if reprise of *The Sound and the Fury* (transplanted to Wyoming): what if Jason Compson went into exile, while Quentin and Caddy stayed home?

Sam Houston Walker, who tells about half of the story as a first-person narrator, is a crossbred Hemingway/Faulkner protagonist. A professional big game hunter in Africa, he less resembles Nick Adams than the blustering, bragging Hemingway who appears in *Green Hills of Africa*. On the Faulkner side, he's a reincarnation of Jason Compson, interested by his own account only in the cash value of his anticipated inheritance from the titular Homestead, not in its human meaning, and bitterly resentful of the gothic entanglements of the family he's made a concerted effort to abandon on the other side of the globe. "A patrimony is like a father," he cracks, "you only have one of each of them."

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Sam's half of the tale is all about how his siblings entice him back into involvement with the family and the home place. Back home, his brother Jack has put Frank Joad, a trespassing oil surveyor, into a coma by the somewhat unlikely method of clobbering him with a cowboy boot, and is likely to go on trial for murder. His sister Clarice wires Sam to come back to superintend the crisis, and Sam, troubled by the thought of money being lost in an expensive legal struggle, consents.

The lines of conflict are simultaneously personal and political. In the latter department, Williamson has transferred the opposition of a traditionally-minded agrarian society to an encroaching industrial one, familiar from Southern literature, from a Southern to a Western context. The situation in and around Fontenelle, Wyoming, is a microcosmic vision of a certain kind of deterioration of contemporary American life. Town and countryside are overrun with unemployed South and Central American migrants. Along with other vicissitudes, the oil company has brought in drug trade. However, most of the local politicians are more than willing to sell out to the oil company for jobs and cash. The old guard, as represented by the Walker family, looks like losing. Sam's grandfather, generally known as the Old Man, intransigently refuses to sell an easement across his property to the oil company, but in consequence a good part of the Homestead is now practically owned by the bank.

In the broadest terms, Sam shares the family's suspicion and dislike of the technological society expanding its way. His trashing of New York City as he passes through on his way home from Africa is one of the nicest pieces of polemic in the book, culminating in a definition of "cosmopolitan culture" as "sheer anarchic willfulness superimposed upon the mania for total collective control." However, he sneers at his family's "xenophobia," and if he shares the family passion for the land he does so with the utmost reluctance. The

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lengths to which Jack will go in apparent defense of the Homestead are understood by Sam as evidence of his brother's insanity.

Jack Walker does duty as a second and secondary first-person narrator speaking in brief, cryptic passages that seem to blend the voices of Quentin and Benjy Compson and that represent some of the finest writing of what is on the whole a very beautifully written book. It's Jack who seems willing to accept the moral inheritance that Sam rejects, to live as the scion of a pioneer aristocracy that stretches back to Captain Uncle Joe Walker, a legendary forebear who was a contemporary of Jim Bridger. With his own quirky determination he takes a definite stance against both the evil and the simple absurdity of modern life:

> *. . . and all i want to know now is that what it really comes down to anymore bashing white niggers in the head with a cowboy boot or getting shot into space with a peebag and a load of freezedry orangejuice because if it is and the world has got too civilized anymore for courage selfsacrifice and what used to be called honor i don't care they can stick me in jail and throw away the key and i can be dead like captain uncle jo and all the other heroes then like jim bridger said it used to be a man could see forever in this country but anymore nobody wants to look any further than the end of his own nose.*

If Sam is right to see a strong self-defeating quality in this attitude of Jack's, Jack also seems to have a plausible case that Sam is, despite his ostentatious heroics in Africa, both a physical and a moral coward. His evidence for that idea is part of the novel's extremely complicated subtext, to which all the characters constantly make cryptic allusions. The mystery element of the story—who done what and what for—involves the past as much as the present. In fact the Walker family closets are full to bursting with bones.

Home life on the Homestead is such a dismal affair that one understands why Sam prefers Africa. The Old Man rules the big house with a patriarchal authority. Grace, the mother of the three siblings, is an alcoholic prescription addict who spends most of her attention on darkly comical blithering about the various do-gooder causes she espouses. Her husband, the missing link in the Walker generations, was killed in a mysterious plane crash years before. Clarice plays the role of aging maiden, while Jack lives aloof in a trailer in the yard. There's nothing too pleasant for Sam to come home to; rather, "I felt like the 'cured' explorer contemplating a return to the fever swamps of the upper Nile."

Sam does his best to keep his distance from the family even while living in the house. He seems to see his brother only when Jack is riding bulls at the rodeo, and has only a little more contact with Clarice. He spends a lot of time drinking, conducts a strikingly sordid affair with Candy Fuller, his high-school girlfriend and the daughter of one of the Old Man's most loathed political enemies, and makes an oafish pass at Karen

BRIEF MENTIONS

DAY CARE: CHILD PSYCHOLOGY AND ADULT ECONOMICS, edited by Bryce Christensen
Rockford, IL: The Rockford Institute; 151 pp., $15.95 (hardcover), $9.95 (paper)

Day Care: cui bono? would be an equally apt, if more cynical, title for this book, which is far less innocuous than its professional reserve might suggest. *Day Care* comprises a series of papers and the discussions thereof given at two conferences convened within the last eighteen months by The Rockford Institute and attended by child psychologists, economists, and policy analysts, among others. The topic of the first conference was the generally neglected question, "How does daycare affect children?" while the focus of the second was the growing preference among American parents and policymakers in favor of interests and values that are only partially motivated by economics.

In "The Risks of Day Care for Children, Parents, and Society," Dr. Jack C. Westman, professor of psychiatry at the University of Wisconsin, argues flatly that "full-time day care, no matter how heavily funded, is not in the interests of young children, their parents, or society, because it is a response to the employment of parents . . . not to the needs of the children nor parents." Daycare workers, he believes, cannot possibly provide a reasonable facsimile of the parental love upon which what he calls "the attachment bonds" of infants depend; deprived of those bonds, very young children may be unable to develop a basic trust in constant human relationships, with the result that "rancor, alienation, and strain" eventually poison the relationship between such children and their parents.

And with "The Economics of Day Care," Professor James Walker, an economist also with the University of Wisconsin, kicked off the second conference by seeking to demonstrate that the demand for daycare is not produced by maternal employment; instead, the same incentives that cause an increasing number of mothers to work also encourage them to deliver their offspring into the hands of professional attendants. Deborah Walker, another economist, calls attention to the naked self-interest of child psychologists, state bureaucrats, and providers of child-care services, all of them presently vociferous lobbyists in the campaign for state-supported daycare; while Allan Carlson identifies the movement as merely one aspect of a broad historical trend by which households have been encouraged to surrender their economic functions to the state. And Richard Vector of The Heritage Foundation refers constantly to the fact that traditional families, which are much more numerous than progressive activists care to admit, are forced to subsidize daycare for the children of parents both of whom work and who therefore enjoy much higher incomes than families in which only the father is wage-earner: a clear example of what Joseph Sobran calls "alienism," or the ideological preference for the abnormal over the normal that characterizes so much of the public debate in America today.

—*Chilton Williamson, Jr.*

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MacPherson, who seems to be Jack's girlfriend and who also appears to have once been married to the moribund Frank Joad. What's left of his energy is devoted to trying to unravel the intricacies of the present-time plot and to influence the course of events by underhanded machinations and bribery.

There are always a disappointing few pages at the end of even the best Chandler novels where the characters stand around and recite explanations at each other. For a mystery writer, Chandler was strangely uninterested in the actual solution of the mystery. The mechanics of plot apparently bored him. His real interests were comparatively highbrow: landscape, tone, language, character. A similar problem occurs in the conclusion of *The Homestead*. The buried information comes belching out of the back-story in a rather perfunctory manner. The trouble between Jack and Sam has to do with a long-ago attempt to obstruct a nuclear waste train. The missing father didn't die by accident—the plane crash was a suicide inspired by the discovery that Grace was unfaithful and Clarice is the child of another man. (Interestingly, both brothers take that to mean that Clarice is no longer their sister, as if their mother was not related to them by blood.) Out of ingredients such as these might be constructed either *All the King's Men* or a few more episodes of *Dallas*. Considered solely from the standpoint of plotting, *The Homestead* falls somewhere between these two extremes.

As for the present-time plot, which ripples outward from the question of Jack's and Frank Joad's secret motive, too much of it simply fails to make sense. A lengthy subplot involving Jack's lawyer, Chuck Richardson, and the involvement of his wayward wife in some obscurely drug-related murder, never gets an adequate explanation. At length it's revealed that Jack's animus against Frank Joad is partly inspired by the discovery that Clarice is having an affair with him, but the pretext given for her contracting this liaison does not seem completely plausible. The whole drug-traffic angle remains clouded in obscurity. Additionally, we never know who fired a lot of mysterious gunshots, what was behind a couple of mysterious collisions, who actually took those blackmail photos of Joad and Clarice. . . .

Maybe these are trivial objections; after all, no one really cares who killed the butler in *The Big Sleep*. But it's unfortunate that this novel winds up in a snarl of inadequate plot resolution, since it deserves to be taken seriously for the moral and social issues it addresses. There are problems here too, but lesser ones, and perhaps they are intrinsic to the material. Although Jack Walker has all the best lines and is probably the book's most admirable character, he gets comparatively little airtime, and ends up strangled by the strict limitations he has set for himself. As a result, Sam Walker emerges as the dominant voice, and not a very attractive one, on balance. "I am," he admits, "to every intent and purpose a child of my time," which is to say, in the final analysis which Jack's gnomic utterances help make, that he is the epitome of organized selfishness, unable and unwilling to look past the end of his own nose. It's hard to respect someone who is so determined to turn himself into a Snopes, hard to believe that he can grow into a healthier version of his brother's role in *The Homestead*, and particularly difficult, given his dedicated misogyny throughout the book, to conceive that he can form a viable connection with Karen MacPherson. If he does become our hero in the end it is only because we are stuck with him, as Lacey is stuck with George Posey at the end of Allen Tate's *The Fathers*.

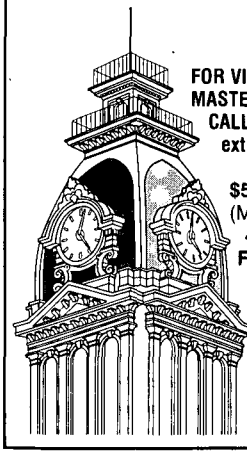
Perhaps *The Fathers* is the most suggestive of the many models *The Homestead* has taken for itself. Williamson seems to have seized on the same problem and moved it a century forward in time. At the moment when the old order is inevitably to be devoured, the refusal to compromise is nothing more than an honorable form of suicide. Yet in the terms of the passing order, the success of the survivor must appear to be contemptible—and it is not just a question of what terms to employ, but of the meaningful existence of any terms at all. *The Fathers* is a virtually flawless work, and *The Homestead* is not; however, it is a significant address to an important theme, and in many ways admirable, though probably not the best book its author will write. ◁

SCORPIONS IN A BOTTLE:
Dangerous Ideas About the United States and the Soviet Union

Moral Equivalence, Glasnost. Find out how these notions affect the West in essays by William Bennett, Peter Berger, Sidney Hook, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Irving Kristol, Melvin Lasky, Michael Novak, and Joseph Sobran. Produced from the Hillsdale conference profiled in *Time* magazine.

"We...speak of the 'two superpowers' as if they were two far-off and equally dangerous giants; two, I think the imagery is, 'scorpions in a bottle,'"

MIDGE DECTER
Committee for the Free World



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The Warriors and the War

by Neal F. Freeman

The Long Gray Line: The American Journey of West Point's Class of 1966
by Rick Atkinson
Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin; 576 pp., $24.95

◆

In the spring of 1962, the great Irish wit John F. Kennedy journeyed to New Haven to accept an honorary degree. He was in good form. "I now feel that I have the best of both worlds," he told the graduating class. "A Harvard education and a Yale degree." With the audience crawling into the palm of his hand, the President went on to describe his world view and to summon the young men to a life of service along the nation's new frontier. One new graduate in the front row, answering the call preemptively, reached across the back of his chair and shook hands with a friend in the second row, sealing their pact to join the Peace Corps. The atavistic, oxymoronic Peace Corps. Pure Kennedy, the Ivy League imperialist.

In that same spring, the President spoke to another graduating class, this one at the United States Military Academy at West Point. For this audience, he put aside the suave circumlocutions that had served him well in New Haven, Cambridge, Georgetown, and other capitals of the New Class. For, as he looked out over the serried ranks of freshly-minted second lieutenants, he did not see just another class of campaign aides and briefcase toters. No, these men would bear any burden and fight any foe. He saw something *special*, and to them he vouchsafed his ideas on how to fight a new kind of war. As he saw it, this new war would involve not just military convention, but diplomacy, maneuver, counterinsurgency—*nation building*. To pick and win these wars would require a new kind of military leader, and to produce this new breed the Commander in Chief enjoined the academy to design "a new and wholly different kind of military training." The President's words were addressed to the West Point class of 1962, but their impact would fall on another group of young men—the plebes who would be inducted just a few weeks later into the hellhole known as Beast Barracks, the class of 1966. The Vietnam class.

So begins Rick Atkinson's story, *The Long Gray Line*. It is the story of their lives, these bright young men, and the story of our times. For these cadets, more even than for the rest of us, the dilemma of youth carried into middle years: how to push aside the shade of Douglas MacArthur and find a substitute, any substitute, for victory.

For the reporters among you, prepare to have your professional jealousies aroused. Atkinson is a fine writer. (It's also a pleasure to note that the copyediting is respectfully fastidious.) He introduces to us, with studied casualness, a cast of characters who engage us in their lives and, finally, make us care about what happens to them:

*The Reverend James D. Ford, the civilian chaplain, is not a fussy cleric, but a man whose life is one long moment of truth—when he counsels the nerve-stricken plebe to hang on, when he marries the second lieutenant in a turnstile ceremony under crossed swords, and when he buries the dead in the West Point cemetery high above the Hudson River. More than 50 members of the class of '66 would die in Vietnam.

*Buck Thompson, the cadet who more than any other fired the imagination of his classmates. One of the first members of the class killed in Vietnam, Thompson's name brings a cheer almost two decades later when, in the recitation of names at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, a classmate intones, "Richard W. 'the Immortal Buck' Thompson."

*Marcia Bonifas. Unlike most authors of books about war and the men who make it, Atkinson is equally interested in the quirky heroism of military wives. And in Marcia Bonifas, whose husband, Art, having survived combat in Vietnam, is axed to death by jumpy North Koreans at "demilitarized" Panmunjom, Atkinson finds his heroine. Left grief-ridden with three small children and $500 per month, she sets out for Colorado to start all over again. (You will remember the Bonifas incident. The newsphotos were horrifying: Kim Il Sung's crazies hacking the fallen American to pieces. For a moment, the world seemed to teeter on the edge of war. Then the U.S. responded boldly . . . by cutting down a tree blocking South Korea's view of the DMZ.)

And then there are the three principal figures through which Atkinson tells the story of West Point hazing, Vietnam battles, career crises, and personal journeys:

*George Crocker. At the bottom of his class at the Point, he becomes the consummate professional soldier, the man you would pick first to share your foxhole.

*Tom Carhart, the charismatic maverick—yes, even West Point has them—suffers from a terrible auto crash, grievous wounds in Vietnam, and a self-destructive streak in what will doubtless be a lifelong search for informing principles.

*Jack Wheeler, son and grandson of professional soldiers, bounces from divinity studies to business to law to government, trying to find a place to stand so as to move the earth.

In the end we see Crocker, having put down the resistance on Grenada: "George watched the helicopters lift the students, cheering and waving, into the overcast sky. His soldiers waved back, some with tears in their eyes. Things have sure changed, he thought. The war was over. And this time he wasn't thinking about Grenada."

And we see classmates Carhart and Wheeler, the one a decorated veteran and uncertain citizen, the other a smooth technocrat who had avoided combat command, battling furiously

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with each other over the design of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, exorcising demons, pummeling each other in the national media, praying for respect.

Atkinson's tale is epic, and his telling of it is a masterwork, the great book on the Vietnam era. Throughout, he does his reader the great service of separating the warrior from the war, allowing us to hear the words that still ring in the ears of West Pointers: "through all of this welter of change, your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable — it is to win wars. Only the dead have seen the end of war."

Neal F. Freeman is chairman of the Blackwell Corporation, a Washington-based television production company.

From the Lenin Library, Moscow

The Civil War and Perestroika

by Michael Warder

Red Victory: A History of the Russian Civil War
by W. Bruce Lincoln
New York: Simon and Schuster; 637 pp., $24.95

◆

To calculate where a cannonball will land, it is necessary to know its initial angle of trajectory and the amount of force that propels it. It is the persuasive thesis of W. Bruce Lincoln that the Russian Civil War was the historic explosion that ever since has determined the direction and velocity of the Soviet system. As the formative experience in the creation of the Soviet state, the civil war is now especially useful in understanding the dynamics involved in the current dissolution of the Soviet Empire. While traditional Soviet historians and other scholars have emphasized the October Revolution of 1917 as the key to Soviet history, Lincoln — whose latest book successfully completes the masterly trilogy which began with *In War's Dark Shadow: The Russians Before the Great War* and was followed by *Passage Through Armageddon: The Russians in War & Revolution 1914-1918* — makes a compelling case for his revisionist view.

While the October Revolution constituted the "Ten Days That Shook the World," it was the Provisional Government of Kerensky that replaced, in March 1917, the three-hundred-year-old Romanov Dynasty: this event, which occurred during the devastation of World War I, changed the basis of Russian sovereignty for the first time since the 12th century. In contrast, the Leninist *putsch* eight months later simply brought down the Kerensky government in a conflict that involved less than 10,000 combatants and resulted in little loss of life. An estimated ten million people died in the Russian Civil War, including those dead from combat, starvation, and disease. (This figure does not include the four to five million people who died from disease and starvation following the last major battle of the civil war, the heroic and bloody Kronstadt revolt of the Petrograd sailors in March 1921.)

While body counts may be an accurate indicator of the level of importance, it cannot capture the essence of civil war, whether Spanish, American, or Russian. Civil wars are struggles over the fundamental nature and structure of a nation. They are blood feuds writ large that pit father against son and brother against brother. Or as Felix Dzerzhinskii, founder of what became the KGB, put it during the war, "We don't want justice. We want to settle accounts." General Lavr Kornilov, former commander in chief of the Russian Army in 1917 and commander of the Civil War White Army in South Russia, said it this way: "We must save Russia even if we have to set fire to half of it and shed the blood of three-fourths of all the Russians!" Only in that frame of mind could combatants cut off the arms and legs of the enemy, slit his abdomen, and then bury him alive.

In scale, the Russian Civil War has no historical parallel. It spread over one-sixth of the earth's land mass, through 11 time zones, and involved one hundred non-Russian national groups within what was formerly the Russian Empire. By August 1918, there were 30 different governments within the Empire's boundaries, 29 of them opposed to the Bolsheviks. The Communists controlled about the same territory as did the Muscovite state in 1550 — perhaps one-tenth of the Empire of 1914. The Provisional Government of Autonomous Siberia and the Committee of Members of the Constituent Assembly were but two examples of temporary governments that controlled millions of square miles of territory. Over 200,000 soldiers

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from 14 different countries were also on Russian soil at one time or another, including 73,000 Japanese, 60,000 French, and, oddly enough, 60,000 Czechs. The Red Army numbered five million at the end of the war, while the six major White armies that roamed Siberia, the Baltics, the Crimean Peninsula, the Ukraine, and northern Russia were never greater than 500,000 men at any one time.

The traditional Soviet line on the civil war has been to emphasize the Communist effort to thwart the counterrevolution of czarist and bourgeois remnants led by capitalist intervention from abroad. In fact, by the time a small contingent of British marines landed in northern Russia (in Murmansk) in early March 1918, the anti-Bolshevik Volunteer Army had been active in southern Russia for three months. When the British did land in the north, they did so with the blessing of Trotsky, then Commissar of Foreign Affairs. The reason was simple enough. The Germans were pushing eastward while they were negotiating with the Russian government about the amount of land they would get in return for peace.

Even after the German-Soviet Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed on March 3, there remained the matter of the 160,000 tons of unpaid-for war matériel that the British had delivered the previous October to Archangel to help Kerensky in the fight against the Germans. The Allies, still at war with Germany, had an interest in protecting this war cache from the Germans and the Finns, who were engaged in their own civil war. In addition, the Allies had an interest in keeping open the Eastern front and were deeply fearful of what the Russian departure from the war would do to their efforts on the Western front. To be sure, the Allies helped the Whites even after the Armistice with Germany was signed in November 1918. Still, the Soviet protestation of foreign intervention rings a bit hollow, considering that it was the Germans who provided Lenin safe escort back to Russia in order to weaken Russian morale, if not to take her out of the war.

One institution crucial to the old order was the Russian Orthodox Church. In the course of the war Lenin did all that he could to destroy it without unnecessarily arousing the resentment of the people. But according to Lincoln, "Russia's peasant millions had grown suspicious of Orthodoxy" and "many more churchmen seem to have died at the hands of hostile crowds or as punishment for leading local anti-Soviet uprisings than as a result of capricious executions." These representations, however, are not well supported, and widely regarded church historians like Dimitry Pospielovsky and others have reached different conclusions. Twenty-eight bishops were executed between 1918-20 and church baptisms and attendance were surprisingly strong in the 1920's, despite vicious persecution. Furthermore, Lincoln does not mention that Lenin shut down 37,000 church schools, 291 hospitals, and 1,113 homes for the aged. Who was suspicious of these, other than the Bolsheviks? The church was tightly woven into the fabric of Russian society and it is a miracle that today there are, despite the persecution of more than seventy years, about fifty to sixty million Russian Orthodox believers in the Soviet Union.

In his chapter "The Ukraine in Ferment" Lincoln writes of "the bitterly anti-Semitic people of the Ukraine" and states that "All across the Ukraine, anti-Semitism poisoned the minds of men . . . " Even the greatest Ukrainian nationalist would, if he were honest, have to admit that anti-Semitism has played a significant role in Ukrainian history. Nonetheless, it should also be mentioned for the record that the Ukrainian Central Rada (Council), which was formed in June 1917 and which became the Ukrainian National Republic in 1918, had three specific cabinet positions for Russians, Poles, and Jews, and that the currency issued was written in Ukrainian on one side and in Russian, Polish, and Yiddish on the other.

Furthermore, while Lincoln is surely correct to discuss Ukrainian leaders like monarchist *hetman* Skoropadsky and General Petliura, surely deserving of some mention were Mikhailo Hrushevsky, the founding president of the Ukrainian Republic and distinguished historian, and other Ukrainians who were attempting to establish a democratic country where anti-Semitism had no place. It is a uniquely Ukrainian tragedy that they did not succeed, since Stalin starved and killed an estimated seven million Ukrainians in the early 1930's, a decade after the civil war. Still, Lincoln was not writing a history of modern Ukrainian nationalism, and maintaining perspective on the epic civil war must have been no small challenge for him. As he points out, the Ukrainian capital, Kiev, was occupied 16 times by various forces. Selecting from the record what is truly important is the responsibility of the historian, but in this regard the Russian Civil War provides a myriad of difficult problems.

On balance, then, *Red Victory* is an astounding achievement of primary-source research and good writing. It provides an excellent background for understanding the enormous problems Mikhail Gorbachev faces today as he struggles to keep the Empire together.

Michael Warder is associate publisher of Chronicles.

The Value of Theory

by Irving Louis Horowitz

Values and Value Theory in Twentieth-Century America: Essays in Honor of Elizabeth Flower
Edited by Murray G. Murphey and Ivar Berg
Philadelphia: Temple University Press; 301 pp., $39.95

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This volume in tribute to Elizabeth Flower is loosely organized, with scarcely a mention of Flower's work—the presumption doubtless being that the general sentiments and character of her work are best captured by such a gestaltist approach. While there is something to be said for such a loose organization, that only makes the reader grateful for the bio-bibliographical note on Professor Flower, which nicely and clearly in two pages summarizes what she has meant as a teacher and scholar. In words one suspects were largely crafted by her husband, Abraham Edel (himself the recipient of an earlier *festschrift* called *Values, Science, and Democracy*), we are told that: "Persuaded that the scientific was value-laden and the genuinely normative

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grounded in scientific understanding, she dealt with ethics in its relations to psychology and social science, to law and education, and to the larger social and intellectual context. Her courses in the history of ethics preserved historical insights and approaches at a time when American philosophers had largely abandoned historical perspectives." Edel's own contribution, the first in the volume, can be considered a finely rendered amplification of these points. For Edel, as for Flower, "the question is always whether appropriate choices have been made, what values persistently mislead, which can be properly entrenched." But this lifelong effort of husband and wife to narrow the gap between fact and value, science and ideology, truth and error seems to advance the discussion of value analysis without ever quite addressing the complex dualisms they purport to overcome. Naturalists and pragmatists have had to struggle for a place in the intellectual sun even more than those who grab hold of one side of the dualism and hold on for dear life.

It is a credit to the editors of this volume that this anguishing status of pragmatism is displayed rather than buried. The simple statement of Flower's *lebenswerke* is nicely woven into a mosaic created by many hands. To those for whom the naturalistic enterprise still has meaning (and I definitely include myself amongst that number) the book will be a useful, as well as an enjoyable, volume: this particular glass being much more than half-full. If a few of the essays are bottom-of-the-drawer stuff, they are for the most part fresh in content, nicely written, exhibiting the sort of concerns and preferences Flower has spent a lifetime cultivating. Since this volume is co-edited by a sociologist as well as a philosopher, it should be assessed as a contribution to the philosophy of the social sciences, no less than on strictly parochial grounds. Indeed, it is the distinguishing aspect of Flower's work to call attention to mundane problems and realms as the sources of first principles. Such an emphasis on society writ small, rather than on Nature or on Mind writ large, gives her writing a friendly accessibility that disguises real sophistication.

The choice of words in a subtitle that emphasizes "twentieth-century America" is well taken, since Betty Flower, for all of her worldly concerns, always seems to express them as a native American radical—taking the highest ideals of the United States and seeking to confront American *realpolitik* with those ideals. In this, she is more of a Platonist than a Deweyan—but who is to say that consistency is a particularly American trait! For that reason, the quite decent if overly cautious application of Morgenthau's morally centered theory of the national interest, written by Robert L. Simon, strikes me as the most anomalous paper in the volume, although by no means lacking in either worth or interest. It is just that I have never heard Flower make an appeal—not even the most limited one—to the national interest in outlining either her political persuasions or the appropriate tasks of a nobler American Republic.

The five papers on pragmatism, written by Robert Schwartz, Ralph W. Sleeper, Peter Manicas, Finbarr W. O'Connor, and John J. McDermott, suggest that here is a *festschrift* honoring John Dewey; all save the first even have Dewey in the title. In fact, the major influence on Elizabeth Flower was Dewey, and if her work differs in its emphasis from that of Edel it is precisely in her insistence on the experiential (as opposed to the structural) framework in which valuational discourse takes place. The papers in this segment vary from the brilliant—as with Robert Schwartz's outstanding dissection of the failure of the pragmatic enterprise to take hold despite its popularity—to a surprisingly tendentious and, I must say, tedious paper on Dewey and the class struggle that wanders over old turf loosely. Indeed, Dewey's dislike of orthodoxy is well understood when contrasted with Manicas' strange conclusion that "Lenin was, I think, correct when in 1902 he argued that 'the only choice is—either bourgeois or socialist ideology.' There is no middle course (for mankind has not created a 'third' ideology)." It was precisely this sort of incipient fanaticism, however romantic, anarchical, and well-intentioned, that Dewey found appalling. That he should be castigated for attempting to find a "third ideology," and failing, is a sad state of affairs that indicates far more the bankruptcy of Marxist "ideology" than the irrelevance of John Dewey's "philosophy."

I found the other papers on Dewey, and particularly on those aspects of his work that pertain to science and education, quite sober and well reasoned. The paper on Thorstein Veblen properly fits into this cluster, since here Murray G. Murphey attempts to compare and contrast, with great skill and care, Veblen's *The Insistence of Workmanship* with the pragmatic tradition in philosophy. Murphey shows how Veblen moved to a collective, societal imagery and away from the idea of the individual as being at the center of the universe. Veblen's understanding of the history of culture as being equivalent to the history of knowledge and his comprehension of the capacity of machine discipline to subvert the pecuniary culture are handled with enormous skill and understanding. In a curious way, Veblen was perhaps simply too much the outsider in American culture to be overly identified with the assumptions and presumptions of that culture. Possibly, we have here the answer to Robert Schwartz's problem: what ever happened to pragmatism? It was not so much defeated as overtaken by the internationalization of the cultural and philosophical environment.

At the fringes of this book are the sort of problems that positivism sought to erase, pragmatism aimed to make experiential, and naturalism sought to pluralize—alas, with little success. Thus, in Joseph Margolis' cleverly entitled "Dirty Hands," the problems of moral responsibility and personal dilemmas are raised in the context of principles, absolutes, the reality of good

LIBERAL ARTS

IT'S 'MISTER,' NOT 'COMRADE'

Members of the East German army and border guard are to go back to addressing each other as "Mister" rather than "Comrade," the Defense Ministry announced Friday.

The ruling replaces one established in 1956 with the founding of the East German army, for which the traditional Communist or socialist form of address came into use.

—*Agence France-Presse, January 5, 1990*

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and evil—in such a way, in short, as to suggest the impossibility of construing "moral life as systematically explicable in terms, only and always, of the application of adequate principles to the details of every serious engagement." And the paper by the fine novelist Chaim Potok discusses value metaphors precisely in terms of God's silence (rather than the pragmatic acquiescence) in the 20th century. The existential challenge is raised, not as a philosophical debate between systems of analysis, but as a raw nerve throbbing in a world in which the scientific analysis of values moves much more slowly than does the destruction of human life. And if the volume cannot begin to cope with—much less resolve—such dilemmas, it remains a good place to begin such a discussion as we approach the 21st century.

Irving Louis Horowitz is Hannah Arendt Professor of Sociology and Political Science at Rutgers University. He is also president of Transaction/Society publishers, and the author of many books, including Ideology and Utopia in the United States.

Blue Suede Shoes Are the Least of It

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

All God's Children and Blue Suede Shoes: Christians and Popular Culture
by Kenneth A. Myers
Westchester, IL: Crossway Books; 213 pp., $8.95 paper

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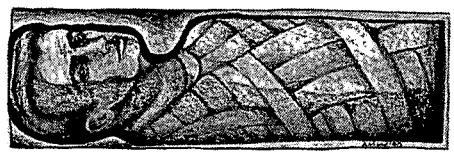
Perhaps I am not the ideal reviewer for this book. I do not own a television, and I have not seen a movie in a dozen years. (I do have an AM-FM radio in my truck, which I use to monitor blizzards, sandstorms, flashfloods, and tornadoes.) I do not read *People*, *Us*, *Self*, *TV Guide* (naturally), or the *New York Times Book Review*. I have never read a novel by James Michener, Alice Walker, and whoever it was who wrote *Gorky Park*. I am vaguely aware of something called Billy Joel, which I assume is a brand of chewing tobacco manufactured in the backwoods of Arkansas or Mississippi. In other words, I don't know nothin' about popular "art"—but I knows what I hates. Many a critic for the *New Yorker*, *Harper's*, or the *Atlantic* has got through a job of book reviewing with no more than that going for him.

That relieves me, because *All God's Children* is an excellent small book, despite the fact that it seems at times to be addressed to a slightly dimwitted YMCA member. ("Let's begin by establishing your Pop Culture Quotient. . . . First, how many entertainment appliances are in your house?") Mr. Myers, who is the editor of the two newsletters, *Public Eye* and *Genesis*, and a former editor of *This World: A Journal of Religion and Public Life* and *Eternity*, is by training and background above this sort of thing and ought not to drag us down to it. Nor has he any excuse for the following example of squeamish usage, of which he is regularly guilty: "A very sick person can be a very holy person, but generally it would be better if they weren't sick." You can't be any sicker than dead, which in my opinion is how most people who deliberately torment the language in such ways should be. Fortunately, most of the book is written at a vastly higher level than this.

All God's Children operates on two levels of argument: on the one, it is a consideration of the proper relationship between Christianity—institutionally and in its individual components—and the phenomenon of popular culture; on the other, an inquiry into the nature of popular culture itself. "It might seem an extreme suggestion at first," Myers begins,

> but I believe that *the challenge of living with popular culture* may well be as serious for modern Christians as persecution and plague were for the saints of earlier centuries. . . . Christian concern about popular culture should be as much about the sensibilities it encourages as about its content. . . . In this study, I have tried to make the case that popular culture's greatest influence is in the way it shapes *how* we think and feel (more than *what* we think and feel) and how we think and feel about thinking and

LIBERAL ARTS



JEANS, YOU'RE GAY; KHAKI, YOU'RE STRAIGHT

To The Great Smoke Out and AIDS Awareness Week we must now add Gay Jeans Day. That's right, the wearing of jeans could now be construed as a sign of sexual orientation. Just ask the students at Princeton, who last October 11 had to decide whether to wear jeans and to be recognized as a supporter of homosexuality or not to wear jeans and to be jeered at as an enemy of civil rights.

This choice was forced upon the student body by the Gay and Lesbian Association of Princeton (GALAP), who placed an ad in the *Daily Princetonian*: "Today, wear jeans to show you're lesbian, gay, or bisexual—OR to show you support the rights of people who are." The newspaper's editorial editor added, "[Gay Jeans Day] forces people to think about what it's like to be homosexual or bisexual on a college campus."

Objectors to Gay Jeans Day focused on the issue of coercion: why should they be *forced* to comment on this issue? "I have the right to hold political views and not be compelled to publicly express them unless I choose to," said a junior in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*. "If I wear jeans, I am an unequivocal supporter of gay rights and all attendant social and political positions," said another student. "If I do not, I am a reprehensible bigot. I am comfortable with neither of these positions."

In the homosexual vocabulary, freedom of association is defined as the denial of freedom of dissociation, and peaceful coexistence means intolerance of the majority. (TP)

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> feeling. . . . Popular culture, like the meat offered to idols in 1 Corinthians 10, is a part of the created order, part of the earth's that is the Lord's, and thus something capable of bringing innocent pleasure to believers. But not everything that is permissible is constructive. That is the main theme of this book.

Unlike so many voluble Christians today, Myers does not regard it as a Christian duty to create a holy community on earth. "Not even the *people of God* in our epoch of redemptive history are called to create a holy culture, because Christians are called to go out into every culture with the Gospel. We are a people, to be sure, but our peoplehood is spiritual. Culturally, we are Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, European and African." Yet, "while our culture may not be holy, it should not be inhuman. This is the perspective we must bring to bear on all aspects of culture, especially on popular culture, which not only presents some unique challenges to personal piety, but which increasingly poses threats to our humanity."

Popular culture is never to be confused with folk art. It is not, as Myers observes, simply a new diversion, but rather a culture *of* diversion. "Popular culture was not simply *influenced* by, but was *created* by the same forces that resulted in modernity." While "Modernity has not excluded God from the universe . . . [it] has simply made it more difficult to maintain a consciousness of God's presence in a culture that increasingly ignores Him."

Popular culture celebrates novelty and the present, provides instant gratification and the warm silk-lined blanket of the familiar, abhors (and is largely ignorant of) transcendence, is associative rather than evocative in technique, and is the creation of formula, not of inspiration. This last characteristic guarantees that it is an impersonal culture, for which impersonality is substituted the personality of the "artist." Still, "When I say I 'like' Bach, and you say you 'like' Bon Jovi, are we really using the same verb?" For what interested Bach — and appreciative hearers of his music — was art; while what is of central concern to Bon Jovi and their anthropophagous fans is "the energy that drives the self" and that is associated in contemporary society with fast cars, cocaine parties, cities, and the reinvention of the self as the center of the universe. Television and rock 'n' roll are not just the dominant forces pushing contemporary popular culture. They are also "the essence of the spirit of our age."

C.S. Lewis wrote that, "The ideally bad book is the one of which a good reading is impossible." Popular "literature" — a/k/a "reading material" — is comprised of books that approach, to a greater or lesser degree, that negative perfection, just as popular "art" is comprised of paintings and statuary of which a good viewing is impossible, popular "music" of which a good hearing is impossible, and Broadway "drama" of which a good performance is impossible and an intelligent observance intolerable. In the 60's occurred the eclipse of high culture by popular culture, as — in Hilton Kramer's description — "the boundary separating art and fashion was breached . . . [and with it] the dividing line between high art and popular culture. " Among the effects of this calamity have been, in Kenneth Myers' opinion, a loss of cultural memory and a growing disinterest in both the past and the future. As a direct result of it too, the claims of Christian dogma have come to appear more absurd than ever before — a condition with which the churches have attempted to cope by co-opting the medium of popular culture in the propagation of the Christian message. With foreseeable effect, of course: "Our God is too small because our culture is too small."

And by the way: if the Word appears to be so much a discouraging one today, that may be in part because of the low estate to which the printed word has fallen. Although television often seems destined universally to replace the word with the image as the basic unit of communication, words nevertheless have properties essential to higher human thought that mere images cannot provide. An image is what the social scientists call "value-neutral"; while no image is capable of conveying so seemingly simple an idea as the idea of being — of the great I AM, for example.

"I don't think," Mr. Myers concludes, "total abstinence from TV" — or, one gathers, from popular culture generally — "is necessary or wise." (Oh dear.) Unlike many or most members of the late Moral Majority, he cannot believe that "much would be improved if, all other things being equal, Christians could somehow take over all of the instruments of popular culture, even if they were very talented and orthodox Christians." Self-exposure to what Dwight McDonald called "masscult" is thus permissible to Christians, so long as they recognize it for what it is and do not prostrate themselves before its idols.

Permissible, then: but is it constructive? Not really, except to the extent that it preserves them from a monkish and elitist existence. Man is a spirit and a Promethean being whose highest needs and abilities are scarcely honored and served by popular culture, for whose creators he exists finally as no more than a creature of which a good reading is impossible.

Chilton Williamson, Jr. is senior editor for books at Chronicles.

Three Voices From the South

by George Core

New and Selected Stories, 1959-1989
by Charles Edward Eaton
New York, London, and Toronto: Cornwall Books; 355 pp., $18.95

By Land, By Sea: Stories
by William Hoffman
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press; 184 pp., $16.95

The Women Who Walk: Stories
by Nancy Huddleston Packer
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press; 184 pp., $17.95

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Nearly sixty years ago John Peale Bishop published a remarkable essay in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* entitled "The South and Tradition." In it he ruminated on the Old South — its glories and failings — and said that the South had a civilization because like

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civilizations elsewhere (in Rome, France, England) there was "a continuous succession of manners, which apply not only to the fine arts but, perhaps, more essentially, to the arts of living." These arts of living, what critics since have called manners and morals, gave Bishop and the writers of his generation in the South a valuable lode to mine and countermine. That is especially true of the novelists and short story writers who have written about the South since the late 20's—from Wolfe, Faulkner, Katherine Anne Porter, Caroline Gordon, and Bishop himself to Andrew Lytle, Robert Penn Warren, and James Agee to William Styron, George Garrett, Elizabeth Spencer, Clyde Edgerton, and Jill McCorkle.

The writers whom we are considering here come from the generation born in the teens and 20's. Charles Edward Eaton, who was born in 1916, is the oldest of them; Nancy Huddleston Packer, the youngest. Each of the three has written regularly in more than one mode: Eaton as a poet, William Hoffman as a novelist, Packer as a memoirist. All have had academic appointments and longtime academic connections, but only Packer has taught full-time for most of her career. And she, a native of Alabama, is the only one to have lived outside the South most of her mature life. Hoffman, who has published the most stories over the past decade, is the most accomplished short story writer of the three. His stories have appeared not only in leading quarterlies but in such magazines as the *Atlantic*. His ten novels have been published by Doubleday and Viking and by the LSU Press, the publisher of *By Land, By Sea* and of *Furors Die*, a novel to be released this spring. Although Hoffman is a good novelist, the short story is his natural form. After regularly publishing short fiction for over twenty-five years, he is finally getting appropriate attention and lately has won prizes for his fiction from the *Virginia Quarterly Review* and *Shenandoah*.

By Land, By Sea, Hoffman's second book of stories, is not quite so fine as his first, *Virginia Reels* (1978), but is nevertheless one of the best collections of short fiction under single authorship to derive from the South in the past five years. Hoffman's short fiction embodies a freshness of style, variety of character, range of effect—from pathos to humor to tragic intensity—that have seldom been rivaled in the South during his career.

The best of the dozen stories presented in *By Land, By Sea* are "Landfall," "Smoke," "Faces at the Window," "Moorings," "Indian Gift," and "Altarpiece." Hoffman characteristically shows us his leading characters as they are caught in the vise of fate, and as the jaws of that vise slowly close, we see what those people are made of and how they confront the manifold pressures of their destinies. In "Landfall" an aging alcoholic decides to make one final run in his sloop, and as he and his wife sail into the raging seas of the North Atlantic, he looks Death squarely in the eye. In "Smoke" another frail alcoholic, who has lately been released from the penitentiary, faces down two armed younger men. In "Faces at the Window" a divorcée tries to rebuild her confidence in love and in the male sex. In "Indian Gift" a hardworking man is brought down by a momentary act of greed and ill-judgment. In "Moorings" another hardworking man is undone by a fit of unreasonable behavior. And in "Altarpiece" a lonely widower tries to come to terms with his grief while helping a woman who is long on pride and pluck and short on money and luck.

All of these stories reveal William Hoffman at his best. The earmark of this fiction is its author's exact use of the Southern idiom, especially the spoken language. Hoffman has a marvelous ear for colloquial speech, high and low.

If Hoffman's beat is Virginia and West Virginia from the coal-mining country of the mountains to the Tidewater and indeed to the Chesapeake Bay, Charles Edward Eaton is chiefly engaged by the world of embassies in Latin America and by the equally rarified world of the academy. But he is also interested in Cheever and Updike country—New England society, especially the suburbs of Connecticut. Mr. Eaton writes in the tradition of Henry James, and the Southern writer of an earlier generation whose fiction his most resembles is Allen Tate, although Tate's scene was the South. Tate also was interested in manners and morals and wrote his stories and his novel as a poet, with more in the way of description and reflection than action realized through scene. Mr. Eaton writes very well indeed, but sometimes his descriptions are too lavish and his dialogue too mannered.

The stories presented here derive from three previous collections published between 1959 and 1978, with a new selection presented for the past decade. Some readers will find that the characters and situations tend to be too much alike, but complexity and subtlety abound within this relatively narrow round of experience. The stories proceed by indirection—allusion, metaphor, irony. The characters are superbly conscious and self-conscious—actors on the stage of the self. The situations are, as James would phrase it in speaking of the form of these stories (what he calls the anecdote), small and smooth and detached; the author makes them bristle with possibility, sometimes overemphasizing that possibility.

"One Man's Poison" by Nancy Packer might well have been written by Charles Edward Eaton, whose characters often consume large quantities of alcohol. When we first meet Carter Frame, he says: "If I'm not a drunk, the world isn't round, Birmingham isn't the Pittsburgh of the South, their grandfathers didn't own a thousand slaves, nothing they believe is true. Even Lucy. . . . We were almost married once." Lucy, our narrator, finds that Carter has reformed and is now helping drunks rather than helping himself to drinks as he did once too often during their engagement. The story turns upon her recognition about

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the relation of desire and drink. "Why go on about the suggestion of seduction?" she asks herself and the reader. "No one can speak with as many voices as a woman discovers in herself, shouting, rasping, whispering, telling of desire and reluctance. . . . If only between the parlor and the boudoir there was no hallway."

A similar passage—a moment of intense reflection—occurs in one of Eaton's best stories, "The Case of the Missing Photographs." The narrator asks of a friendship that is drying up: "Why didn't it end there? Why do human beings keep toying with each other past the point of reason and civilized endurance? Loneliness provides part of the answer, but I think one must look elsewhere into some basic lust for human encounter, some fascination with what's difficult in the face of the absurdities of human coexistence."

Mrs. Packer's stories, like Mr. Eaton's, are often laid outside the South, but she has no interest in what James called the international theme and confines herself to such exotic spots as California and New York City as well as the South. She also occasionally writes about the academy, which is the scene of the title story of her new collection and of "Lousy Moments" and "The Waiting Game," stories about commonplace academic situations. But "The Women Who Walk" actually explores the bereft loneliness of a woman caught by divorce, intense loneliness that could occur in any setting. Indeed the best stories here—" Breathing Space," "Jellyfish," "Homecoming," "Making Amends," and "The Women Who Walk"—are about lonely people, mainly women, trying to come to terms with solitude and, often, isolation and alienation. "She had lost touch with the world, gone stale and sour inside herself. Her life had lost its shape. . . . She had to rebuild her life again," Marian, the protagonist of "The Women Who Walk," thinks forlornly. This powerful thematic statement applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to many of the stories here, some of which—such as "Making Amends" and "One Man's Poison"—are comedies of manners.

All of these writers are Southern, but none is confined to the region. All of them write out of a profound knowledge of the South and its literature and culture, but all are more interested in what Bishop called the arts of living than in the fine arts. Even though the Southern civilization's manners are becoming attenuated, they still exist and are often seen best in the clash between manners and morals that provide the essential theme and action of much American fiction from James to the present time. This clash can be seen in such representative stories as Hoffman's "Faces at the Window" and "Altarpiece," Eaton's "The Case of the Missing Photographs," and Packer's "Jellyfish" and "Making Amends."

The stories presented in these three books are set in the world of the present, and the best of them remain contemporary—in touch with the currents of modern life as well as solidly rooted in the past. "Without a past," Bishop observed, "we are living not in the present, but in a vague and rather unsatisfactory future." He continues: "We have this [past] for our encouragement. That is a start, and a good one, in these days when everyone is ready to make civilization in which nothing so fallible as grandfather will be left, but all will be ordered for the best in the best of dehumanized worlds." Although we often feel the pressure of dehumanization in these stories, we also find the clean well-ordered space of civilization.

George Core is the editor of the Sewanee Review.

The Symbolic Interpreter

by William H. Nolte

The Collected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers
Edited by Tim Hunt
Stanford: Stanford University Press;
Volume I, 1920-1928;
521 pp., $60.00;
Volume II, 1928-1938;
610 pp., $60.00

◆

Nearly thirty years after his death in 1962, Robinson Jeffers occupies a secure niche in the pantheon of American poets. I suspect, indeed, that his place may well be the most secure of all. He has long since weathered the storm of disapproval that centered on his prophetic verse written before, during, and after World War II. Over the past

BRIEF MENTIONS

THE PUZZLE OF THE SOVIET CHURCH: AN INSIDE LOOK AT CHRISTIANITY AND GLASNOST by Kent R. Hill
Portland: Multnomah Press; 417 pp., $15.95

For a good thirty years the National Council of Churches has been defending and apologizing for the policies and conditions of the Soviet Union. The charitable interpretation for this unusual exercise of faith is that those involved were trying to get Western Christians to promote peace and a better tomorrow by overlooking massive evil. Kent Hill, a self-proclaimed Christian, takes a different tack.

Hill, a well-credentialed Sovietologist who currently leads the Washington-based Institute for Religion and Democracy, documents, in order to bring the Soviet devil to heel, the persecution of the faithful. The historical sweep from 1917 through 1985 relies on a few major sources known to specialists, but there is also much current material since the Gorbachev regime. Of special interest is the case study of the "Siberian Seven," seven Pentecostals who took refuge in the American embassy in Moscow from 1978 through 1983. Their faith and leap for protection, if not freedom, confounded both Soviet and American bureaucrats. Hill befriended these persecuted Christians while studying in Moscow, and the encounter changed his life, as he began to see the great gulf that separated complacent Christians in the West from their brethren in the Soviet Union.

Hill takes a sober look at the current limits to religious belief and practice in the Soviet Union. Government persecution still occurs, even as we watch the party on the Berlin Wall, and the apparatus and legal mechanisms, fully documented in Hill's appendices, are still in place.

—Michael Warder

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two decades his out-of-print books have been reissued in various editions. And now we have the first two of the four volumes of his collected poetry, beautifully printed and bound; they are, in fact, models of the art of bookmaking.

Certainly no other American poet has approached Jeffers in his ability to endow character with life; his people, tormented and tormenting creatures, haunt the memory like grisly phantoms rising from some atavistic depth of which we were unaware. Passing before the mind's eye, they reveal those gulfs over which we daily pass. In their strengths and weaknesses we see ourselves; they reveal to us, above all else, how slippery is our hold on reason and how tempting are the lures of irrationality in all its forms. Which is to say, Jeffers did what all great writers have done: he provided insight into the human condition.

Insight, above all else. And that insight does not stop with the human condition, but extends outward into the larger and, for Jeffers, more important natural world. No other poet of this century strove more successfully to "catch the inhuman God" in his lens. In this area, indeed, Jeffers had few peers in all of literature. It was, of course, the "inhuman God"—cleansed of the least taint of anthropomorphism—that Jeffers most cherished, and besought his fellows to turn to as a means of realizing their true humanity and at the same time escaping the introversion and narcissism inherent in merely human-centered concerns. In a late poem, "My Loved Subject," he commented that though old age prevented him from walking the mountains as in the past, his beloved subject remained unchanged:

> Mountains and ocean, rock,
> water and beasts and trees
> Are the protagonists, the human
> people are only symbolic
> interpreters.

In another poem written in his final years he spoke of "the business of poetry" as being essentially a celebration of the physical world—God's body, so to speak, of which man makes up a miniscule part:

> To feel and speak the
> astonishing beauty of things
> —earth, stone and water,
> Beast, man and woman, sun,
> moon and stars—
> The blood-shot beauty of
> human nature, its thoughts,
> frenzies and passions,
> And unhuman nature its
> towering reality—
> For man's half dream; man,
> you might say, is nature
> dreaming, but rock
> And water and sky are
> constant—to feel
> Greatly, and understand greatly,
> and express greatly, the
> natural
> Beauty, is the sole business
> of poetry.
> The rest's diversion: those holy
> or noble sentiments, the
> intricate ideas,
> The love, lust, longing: reasons,
> but not the reason.

In several poems, and also in the remarkable essay "Poetry, Gongoriam, and a Thousand Years," Jeffers expressed his *ars poetica*—most notably in "Apology for Bad Dreams," written circa 1925, at the beginning of his great renown. There he disavowed any "moral" intention in the artistic *impulse*, which was both creative and destructive, similar in nature to the creative-destructive "artistry" of God, Who "brays humanity in a mortar to bring the savor / From the bruised root: a man having bad dreams, who invents victims, is only the ape of that God." He expressed this essentially amoral aesthetic in a letter when he remarked that "poetry does not necessarily have a 'message' except 'How beautiful things are'—or 'How sad, or terrible'—or even 'How exciting.' These are the only messages that Homer or Shakespeare—for instance—have for us."

The amazing thing about the poetry in these two enormous volumes, both the lyrics and the long narrative poems, is that all of it may be read with interest by any intelligent reader. One may be disturbed by the poetry, but it is hard to imagine that one might be indifferent to it. By 1920 Jeffers had found his unmistakable "voice," having left behind him the insignificant efforts of his teens and 20's; as everyone knows, he matured late. (That early poetry, incidentally, will be published in Volume IV, along with various of his prose statements.) But here we have the fully integrated personality from the very beginning. "To the Stone-Cutters," for example, appears on the third page of Volume I. Its somber rhythm conveys stoicism in a manner that we have come to regard as typically Jeffersian; its every line bears his unmistakable imprint:

> Stone-cutters fighting time with
> marble, you foredefeated
> Challengers of oblivion
> Eat cynical earnings, knowing
> rock splits, records fall down,
> The square-limbed Roman
> letters
> Scale in the thaws, wear in the
> rain. The poet as well
> Builds his monument
> mockingly;
> For man will be blotted out,
> the blithe earth die, the brave
> sun
> Die blind and blacken to
> the heart:
> Yet stones have stood for a
> thousand years, and pained
> thoughts found
> The honey of peace in
> old poems.

Jeffers was preeminently a "loner," always keeping his distance from the creeds and faiths of the great masses of men, and of those who pretended to speak to the masses. In a word, he was an aristocrat in the classical sense of the term. He most resembled, in thought and temperament, such solitary figures as Heraclitus, Lucretius, and, to a lesser extent, Nietzsche—and, yes, Emily Dickinson. I have always relished his bemused wonder at those who professed admiration for the Many (as Heraclitus called them). The opening lines of "Wise Men in Their Bad Hours" express a view that seems almost heretical in this age of the Common Man:

> Wise men in their bad hours
> have envied
> The little people making merry
> like grasshoppers
> In spots of sunlight,
> hardly thinking
> Backward but never forward,
> and if they somehow
> Take hold upon the future
> they do it
> Half asleep, with the tools
> of generation

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Foolishly reduplicating
Folly in thirty-year periods;
they eat and laugh too,
Groan against labors, wars
and partings,
Dance, talk, dress and undress;
wise men have pretended
The summer insects enviable;
One must indulge the wise
in moments of mockery.

If Jeffers found little in man's confusion to warrant praise, he did increase our powers of perception; and his stoicism will always befriend us in the dark days when they come.

William H. Nolte is a professor of English at the University of South Carolina in Columbia.

Tyger, Tyger

by Priscilla L. Buckley

Tales of the Big Game Hunters
Selected and introduced by
Kenneth Kemp
New York: St. Martin's Press;
212 pp., $15.95

◆

To pick up *Tales of the Big Game Hunters* is to suffer instant culture shock. The book plunges us into a world in which animals are slaughtered for the ivory, the skins, the racks, and the wonderful dangerous pleasure of the chase and kill. The British imperium is at its height, white supremacy unquestioned by white man, black, or yellow. Paternalism reigns. The white hunter rushes in to save a black village from marauding elephants or to kill a man-eating lion and tiger often at great personal peril. But he takes it as his due that the grateful natives will shower him with food and drink and that the tale of his heroic exploit will become a village legend passed on from father to son. All this tends to jolt late-20th-century sensibilities. But it is the world these people inherited, take it or leave it. I strongly recommend taking it.

Kenneth Kemp has selected 23 spine-tingling stories by a score of legendary great game hunters of the mid- and late 19th century, much of this material long since out of print. Here are such great figures as F.C. Selous, the South African scout who would die at the hand of a German sharpshooter in World War I, Sir Samuel Baker, whose work on the rifle is still acclaimed as seminal, great elephant hunters such as Arthur Henry Neumann and James Sutherland, and a dozen other larger-than-life luminaries from the hunting pantheon.

What is astonishing is how well so many of these men write. There are lyrical passages, quiet meditations, sharply etched descriptions of tangled jungles, steep highlands, cascading waterfalls, open plains, water holes at dusk. There is unbelievable savagery: a man torn into three pieces by an enraged wounded elephant, a herdsman carried off by a man-eating tigress who leaves only "the soles of his feet, the palms of his hands, his head and a few odd bones." There is humor and uncomplicated male macho exuberance: "It was a thoroughly enjoyable day's sport," comments James Sutherland the day that Kom Kom, "the Mighty One," a rogue elephant, has charged him, knocked him flat, and been distracted from finishing the job only by the shouts of his courageous gunbearers. Sir Samuel Baker, whose last bullet brings an elephant down six feet from where he stands, fairly bursts with good cheer: "This has been a glorious hunt." (Pass the tiffin, old boy.)

Arthur Neumann makes an elephant's death live for us—"He fell over with a great crash, fairly bounding up again on his stern, like a ship going down with its bows in the air"—and Neumann has a well-developed sense of the ridiculous. Finding himself unexpectedly within eight feet of the backend of an elephant in heavy brush, he muses that:

> There is a curious contrast in the aspect at close quarters presented respectively by the two ends of an elephant, apart from the obvious difference in the moral effect on the hunter according to which extremity is towards him. Viewed from the rear there is a comically clownish, baggy-breeched, knock-kneed look about his drooping hinder parts; while a front view of his majestic head, armed with gleaming tusks and furnished with a far-reaching supple trunk, and set off by the grotesque great ears, outstretched as if to catch any suspicious sound . . . is singularly impressive and awe-inspiring.

F. Vaughan Kirby brings understatement to a high art in describing a lion hunt. "It is absolutely necessary to make yourself comfortable *before* the lions arrive, as that is the moment when excitement is apt to make you feel *uncomfortable*. . . . It does not pay to have a boy with you in the *scherm* [blind]; they *will* sleep *and* inevitably snore." And at the dramatic confrontation with the lion: "His eyes were fixed on mine with a look of concentrated rage. It does not do to hesitate at such a moment." G.P. Sanderson, who shot tigers from an elephant's back whenever possible, it being far safer than to hunt on foot, has a useful piece of advice to fellow sportsmen: "Under no temptation should the sportsman's last shot be fired at a retreating beast"—lest, of course, the beast choose that moment to turn and charge. The great Selous and a group of other elephant hunters come upon a group of sixty or seventy elephants, "a grand sight and one not easily to be forgotten, to see so many of these huge beasts moving slowly and majestically onwards . . . But with but an hour of sunlight left, we could spare but little time for admiration, and so rode towards them, on murderous thoughts intent." When the carnage was over, 21 elephants lay dead, one man, a native bearer, had died horribly, and several more had been wounded.

These stories concentrate largely on elephant, lion, and tiger hunting, but they also include a hunt for bears in Asia ("Truly Veeranoor is a great place for bears") and of grizzlies in Kamchatka, where snow slides speed the hunter home to camp; of gorillas in Africa, crocodiles in Asia, wild boars in India, by lance on horseback, and bison on the Great Plains of the American West. The book is tastefully illustrated by contemporary line drawings of the hunts, that are, like the stories, clearly of another era, another world.

Priscilla L. Buckley, a senior editor of National Review, *can boast of many quail and one leopard in her game bag.*

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Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Funny Business

◆

Cleaning out my drawers, I find regional news items (some newer than others) from the worlds of religion and business, with some miscellaneous statistics for garnish. Beginning with religion (of a sort):

In Tupelo, Mississippi (where Elvis was born in 1935), two brothers went on trial last year for attempting to murder Judge Tommy Gardner—by hexing him. Leroy and John Henry Ivy hired a hoodoo hit man from Jamaica to do the job, and all was going well until the judge's wife got suspicious. Seems the Ivy boys called her to ask for a photograph of her husband and some of his hair.

Apparently this sort of thing is big business in north Mississippi. The *Wall Street Journal*, ever alert to the commercial implications, reported that the mojo department of A. Schwab Department Store in Memphis sells about twenty-one tons of hoodoo supplies a year.

But if you think weird occult practices appeal only to poor ignorant rural black folk, think again. Last year a Floridian dying from a brain tumor offered his services as a messenger to the dead. For $20 Ken McAvoy promised to deliver your message to anyone on the other side, and he offered a written guarantee.

And then there's Sherri Cash, a well-off ignorant urban white woman a/k/a Venus Moonbaby. Ms. Moonbaby tests auras and sells healing crystals at a New Age pharmacy in Atlanta. "There's a theory," she told *America* magazine, "that Atlanta is a reincarnation of the continent of Atlantis and that a lot of people who were in Atlantis together have been pulled back to Atlanta."

Maybe *that* explains why somebody thinks farmers' market employees in Georgia need California-style human potential training. Last year in an Atlanta court eight employees of the DeKalb Farmers' Market claimed they were fired or mistreated after they refused to take part in self-actualization sessions developed by Werner Erhard. Erhard, you may recall, is the Californian who invented "est," in which people pay large sums to be locked in hotel ballrooms with strangers and denied access to toilet facilities. Personally, I prefer mojos and goofer dust.

I've said before that the only reason to care what Californians do is that we often seem to wind up imitating them. That said, here's another enormity to watch out for: the Sausalito City Council has established a "cholesterol-free zone," by requiring restaurants to offer no-cholesterol food to patrons. Any decent barbecue joint would go out of business first.

Wonder what Sausalito would make of this sign from Sharp's Stop & Shop, spotted by the *Arkansas Times*:

FROZEN
YOGURT
NIGHTCRAWLERS

Actually, that might sound good to folks who like raw fish.

Speaking of raw fish, after Ben Jones, the actor who played Cooter on *The Dukes of Hazzard*, got elected to Congress, he told the Washington press: "You think I don't have culture just because I'm from down in Georgia. Believe me, we got culture there. We've always had sushi. We just used to call it 'bait.'"

Jones isn't your usual blow-dried pretty-boy Southern pol. Not to put too fine a point on it, he went through a few wives and a lot of whiskey before (as he told the reporters) "I awoke naked in a tattoo parlor in Talladega, Alabama. I knew it was time to change my lifestyle. So I went into politics."

Maybe old Cooter could moonlight explaining Southern culture to Californians at Berkeley, where a professor of business has suggested that courses on the cultures of "such subgroups as Mormons, Armenians, and white Southerners" should be required. Actually, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, Professor David Vogel was making fun of a proposal to require a course on the cultures of black, Asian, Hispanic, and "native" Americans, but it sounds good to me. If anyone needs a consultant I'm available at my usual rates.

One Southern difference from Californians that needs explaining was revealed when Compton Advertising Inc. asked 1,007 adults how old they felt, compared to their actual age. College graduates, the financially well-off, divorcées, and Californians (not mutually exclusive groups, obviously) are likely to feel younger than they are. Southerners are more likely to act their age: only 59 percent feel spryer than they should, compared to 70 percent of Westerners. This may help to explain another difference, reported recently in the *Wall Street Journal*: a marketing director at the company that makes Northern-brand toilet paper says that "Californians go for more sheets," and thus for thinner paper, while Southerners like it thick.

Or then again, maybe Southerners are just wiping up stuff. Another *Journal* story reported that when Monsanto asked a sample of American women who in their households is most likely to spill and stain things, most pointed the finger at children under 12. But not in the South Atlantic states, where 38 percent indicated that their husbands were the main household slobs. Elsewhere only 10 to 18 percent picked the old man.

In other marketing news, the makers of Mountain Dew last year announced a campaign to "reposition" that soft drink. Apparently its core market now comprises what a former product manager calls "the pickup truck and construction set," folks who (he told the *Wall Street Journal*) "had their glory days in high school"; for them, Mountain Dew is "a nostalgic vehicle back to those glory days." (Shoot, and here I thought we just liked the way it tastes.) Movie star Patrick Swayze—a Southerner, but a polished one—was to be featured in ads designed to appeal to city slickers. Mr. Swayze achieved star-

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dom in *Dirty Dancing*, but he is surely better known to *Chronicles* readers for his role in the anticommunist classic, *Red Dawn*. (Wolverines!)

An interesting fact: the *Journal* reported that Mountain Dew tickles innards with greater than average frequency in a "curving swath of geography that starts high in the Dakotas, bends down through rural Illinois and Indiana and whips around into the Carolinas." Strange, but this peculiar piece of territory is home to a remarkable number of *Chronicles* writers. Yahoo.

Still saving your Confederate money? The London *Times* reported the sale at Sotheby's of 5,000 Confederate bonds held all this time by British and other European investors. They brought £352,000 at auction, nearly twice the £180,000 estimate. That's still pretty far from their original $60,000,000 value, but they're coming back.

More business news: *USA Today* reported last fall that the 56-foot chicken which has long been the most interesting feature of the Atlanta suburb of Marietta would soon be gone with the wind. It was supposedly not in keeping with the new image of the restaurant it has graced for the last 26 years.

Despite Georgians' attempts to disguise their essentially down-home nature, though, they're still too country for the cosmopolitan management of RJR-Nabisco—or so I surmise from the rumor that the cigarette and cookie company may be moving its headquarters again, this time to New York. When RJR recently moved to Atlanta from Winston-Salem, the company's new president explained that the Camel City was too "bucolic." A writer for the North Carolina *Independent* reported that "when we heard that, half the town scrambled to whip his ass and the other half scrambled for their dictionaries. It was the first time in history, friends, that the educated class was first to fight."

Wonder what they're going to do with that chicken? I say give the bird to RJR.

It is true that we have a rather old-fashioned business climate in much of the South. A newsletter called *Credit Card Bankruptcies*, for instance, reports that the seven states where Chapter 13 bankruptcies make up the highest percentage of all filings are North Carolina (62 percent), Tennessee (60 percent), Alabama (56 percent), South Carolina (55 percent), Georgia (50 percent), Arkansas (46 percent), and Mississippi (40 percent). In New York and Massachusetts, by comparison, the percentages are 17 and 16, respectively. If I understand this correctly, Chapter 13 simply involves a stretched-out repayment plan, not outright welshing. It is, in other words, the *honorable* way to deal with financial embarrassment.

It may be relevant that North and South Carolina have the lowest ratios of lawyers to regular folk in the country (1:694 and 1:654), while New York and Massachusetts have the highest (1:234 and 1:212). It's also interesting that the IRS reports that Southerners (along with Westerners) are below the national average in "voluntary taxpayer compliance"—which suggests an underlying principle that I'll let you figure out.

The Japanese know a good thing, even if RJR doesn't. They're coming in droves, and *Tennessee Illustrated* has given a new dimension to Southern hospitality by publishing a list of handy phrases for its readers. "*Haguki to hoppeta no aidani hitotsumami irenasai*," for example, means "put a pinch between your cheek and gum." "*Vorusu wa sugoine*" translates as "how 'bout them Vols?"

But making things easy for newcomers can be carried too far. In a completely revolting development, the Memphis airport has replaced the dulcet Southern tones of Ginny Moss with the crisp Yankeefied accent of another woman on its public address system. The *Commercial Appeal* quoted an airport spokesman who said that Ms. Moss was originally chosen because her accent was "a voice that was typical of this area, something that said: This is the South, this is Memphis." Unfortunately, Yankees and foreigners claimed to have trouble understanding her. That, in my view, ought to be *their* problem.

Our problem is that some Memphians complained that her voice was too Southern, "that this was a sound the airport should not promote." They should take a cue from the seismologist right there at their own Memphis State University who told the *Wall Street Journal* that "Massachusetts and Texas are inching toward each other, and that's bad news." He was talking about the prospects for a major East Coast earthquake, but the proposition is true in general.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. In September, he and his family will be moving to Northern California for ten months, and he views the prospect with mixed emotions.

Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

History Returning at a Gallop

◆

Five months ago, in its January 1 issue, *Time* magazine chose to honor Mikhail Gorbachev as the "Man of the Decade." Although several prominent Frenchmen have suggested that Pope John Paul II has had an equal influence on the tumultuous events in Europe (notably because of his powerful support of the Solidarity movement in Poland), few, I think, can reasonably deny this remarkable Soviet politician's right to this honor. Yet the fact of the matter is that after wading through pages and pages of superlative tributes and encomia, I was not one whit wiser at the end as to Gorbachev's secret thinking and ultimate objectives, which remain—at least for me—as shrouded in mystery as ever.

There were, however, three sentences in *Time* that brought me up with a start. In a long article entitled, "Rethinking the Red Menace," Strobe Talbott could write: "A new consensus is emerging, that the Soviet threat is not what it used to be. The real point, however, is that it never was. The doves in the Great Debate of the past forty years were right all along."

The enormity of this tranquil affirmation left and still leaves me speechless. For it betrays an ignorance of the certain basic facts of the start of the Cold War that, if shared by millions of Mr. Talbott's readers (which may well be the case), bodes ill for the future. It is, indeed, vain to expect persons who

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willfully choose to misread the past to display any marked ability to diagnose the immediate future.

Let us refresh our memories for a moment by going back to the critical summer of 1948, when Stalin launched his blockade of West Berlin. Strobe Talbott may have chosen to forget (or possibly he may never have known) that when the crisis broke a majority of Harry Truman's military advisers and (so I have been reliably told) no less than ten out of the twelve State Department officials of ambassadorial rank whom he consulted advised the President to pull out of West Berlin because our position there was militarily untenable.

There was one general, however, who pointed out that West Berlin had to be held, no matter what, because if abandoned, it would fatally undermine the confidence of all West Germans in the resolve of the United States to defend their vital interests. He was General Lucius Clay. Harry Truman, a Democrat, was wise enough to heed this urgent plea made to him by a staunch Republican, and as a result West Berlin, and with it Western Europe, was saved during a tense 12 months (1948-1949) by two Americans who were not exactly "doves." But for their courageous decision, Konrad Adenauer never could have established the Federal Republic. The Germans who, for all their virtues, are often prone to political opportunism, would have drawn the inevitable conclusion — that the Western allies could not be trusted — and they would have chosen to make their peace with the victorious superpower of the East. The consequences for Europe would have been incalculable, rendering impossible the creation of NATO and the later establishment of the European Common Market.

Now here is another example, but of a rather different sort. In June 1953 the workers of East Berlin rose up in revolt against the detested system that had been forcibly imposed upon them by Walter Ulbricht and his Moscow-trained colleagues of the SED (*Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands* — the so-called "Socialist-Unity" Party of Germany, a python-like political "front" specially designed to devour and swallow up East Germany's many Social Democrats). What happened? In Washington, where General Eisenhower had taken over after having campaigned, with John Foster Dulles, on the need to "roll the Red Army" back to the frontiers of the U.S.S.R., the new administration simply sat tight and did nothing. In other words, despite all the hawkish rhetoric, Ike and Dulles on this occasion behaved like "doves."

It is important to recall this crucial moment in postwar European history because our passivity effectively froze a situation that remained congealed for the next thirty years. This was brought home to me forcefully in the summer of 1964, during a visit to Czechoslovakia. In the Moravian capital of Brno a former Social Democrat said to me: "You missed a golden opportunity back in 1953. Stalin had just died, there was bitter in-fighting in the Kremlin between Malenkov, Beria, and Khrushchev, and the Soviet Union was in a state of leaderless confusion. Here we were all waiting for a word of encouragement from Washington, and if it had come, believe me, we would have risen as one man — Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles, Romanians, all of us to express our solidarity with the workers of East Germany. But the word we were so anxiously awaiting never came."

It can be argued, of course, that workers' hammers and peasants' scythes and sickles are useless against tanks, and that if the captive peoples of Central and Eastern Europe had at that moment risen up in simultaneous revolt, the result would have been a Soviet-ordered bloodbath. All things considered, it was thus preferable to allow the tough guys in the Kremlin to crush the various revolts in turn — East Germany in 1953; Hungary in 1956; Czechoslovakia in 1968. But the fact remains that by doing nothing to encourage the East Germans and the others in 1953, at a time when we were at the height of our military power (with a vast superiority in nuclear bombs, with the bombers to deliver them, and 21 U.S. Army divisions that had been formed for the recently terminated Korean War), we contributed willy-nilly to the consolidation of the Soviets' grip on Central and Eastern Europe. If the "doves" thus contributed to maintain an uneasy peace in Europe, they also condemned one hundred million Europeans to a continuing enslavement, which was only partially ended in the final months of last year. This is an "achievement" that none of us should forget.

But let us return to *Time* magazine's decision to name Gorbachev the "Man of the Decade," and more particularly to its willingness to take him on trust without making any serious effort to probe the mysterious ideological development of this "sincere communist." This can be regarded as a typical example of our inveterate tendency to personalize general issues, instead of asking ourselves how the Soviet system could from its ranks produce such a maverick, not to say a heretic. Most Americans, and indeed most Europeans — including persons as temperamentally different as Margaret Thatcher and François Mitterrand — seem to regard Gorbachev as a kind of anti-Stalinist Superman, more or less sprung out of nowhere, who has flung open long-closed doors and windows (*glasnost*) and who, even if he has failed to improve the living standards of his countrymen (*perestroika*), is at least on the right track and must consequently be helped and assisted in every possible way.

The French, who are among other things a nation of skeptics, are luckier than we are, if only because one of their more brilliant young sovietologists, Françoise Thom, has produced a small, fact-crammed book, *Le Moment Gorbatchev*, which seeks to prove the magical *trompe-l'oeil* of Gorbachevism and to reveal what lies behind — the whys and wherefores of *glasnost* and *perestroika* — and to show, with a compelling weight of documentary evidence, that they are not at all what many Westerners naively believe they are.

I regret that there is not space here to list the five cogent reasons she gives to explain the birth of *glasnost* — still a highly conditional freedom for press and media, as is attested by the persecution of Serghei Grigoriantz's *Glasnost* periodical and the condemnation last November of Serghei Kuznetsov, an independent journalist and contributor to *Glasnost*, to three years in a labor camp. But the most significant part of Françoise Thom's book concerns that complex phenomenon *perestroika*, on the success or failure of

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which Mikhail Gorbachev's future is certain to depend.

Thom distinguishes two essentially different periods. The first (1985-1986), essentially a prolongation of the previous "Andropovian" period, was characterized primarily by a massive drive against corruption and alcoholism; the second phase, now entering its fourth year, has been one of frantic improvisation, intended to improve a deteriorating economic situation.

The drive against alcoholism, as we now know, boomeranged dramatically. Because of strict vodka-rationing, millions of Soviet citizens took to brewing their own distilled liquor (bathtub *samogon*, etc.). In 1986 158,000 were arrested for clandestine home-brewing activities. By 1988 the figure had climbed to half a million. The run on sugar needed for home-brewed vodka has been such that it has emptied shops in towns and cities all over the country.

Far more damaging in its economic consequences was a far-reaching law passed in May 1986, which, on the one hand, outlawed illegal revenues obtained from "parallel" industrial or commercial activities (i.e., those not officially controlled or sanctioned by the State), and, on the other hand, legalized "individual professional activity." As Thom puts it, "the State tried to control what it does not forbid." Or, to put it in blunter terms, the State with this law undertook to take away with one hand what it appeared to give away with the other.

The purpose of this ill-conceived law, which few people in the West have ever heard of, was to flush out "profiteers" and others who for years had been operating on their own in what has come to be called the "second" or "shadow economy." During the period of Brezhnevian "stagnation"—which in the commercial field may turn out to have been less stagnant than many now claim—a whole class of clever entrepreneurs and get-rich-quick operators gradually developed to supplement the slow-moving, bureaucratically paralyzed State-controlled enterprises, which had to work according to production quotas and other norms laid down by the State Planning Commission in Moscow. This was in fact the beginning of a spontaneous attempt by thousands of enterprising Soviet citizens to inject a badly needed element of flexibility into an economy that was paralyzed by its "orders-from-above" character and its ideological contempt for ordinary market forces. The enormous scope of this phenomenon may be judged by the figure divulged a year and a half ago by the economist Tatyana Karyaghina, who estimated that the U.S.S.R.'s "second economy" was now producing at least 145 billion dollars' worth of goods and services per annum.

The drive to "clean up" this "second economy" by officially legalizing it, and by punishing those who had most profited from it, was undertaken for at least two reasons, as Françoise Thom shows. The first was the realization by Yuri Andropov and then by Gorbachev and his associates that the party was gradually losing control over the Soviet economy, or at any rate over its most dynamic elements. The second was the realization that alongside this "second economy" and battening off it like locusts were hordes of gangsters, who were undertaking to "protect" clandestine entrepreneurs from party interference and at the same time exacting "hush money" for their services. In other words, the primary aim of *perestroika* from the very beginning was not, as is so generally and naively believed in the West, to loosen up the Soviet economy, but precisely the reverse—to *reestablish the party's control* over an economy that was beginning to get out of hand and to develop a dynamic life of its own.

The consequences of the equivocal law of May 1986 have been catastrophic. The drive for more "discipline" and for "honest" entrepreneurial management has led to the creation of an army of "people's inspectors" now *ten million strong*! In their "eager-beaver" zeal to uncover cases of wrongdoing and corruption, they have discouraged individual entrepreneurs who might have been willing to strike out on their own had they felt completely free to operate as they saw fit, instead of being made responsible for efficient production methods (the so-called *khozrazchot* system of self-sustaining, unsubsidizing accounting) while having to fulfill quotas imposed by the State. During the 1985-1986 period no less than 800,000 "dishonest" black-marketeers were thus arrested and forced to shift their operations to another economic field. All sorts of hitherto available commodities then disappeared from the shops. Efficient entrepreneurs, encouraged by the ostensible new economic "liberalism" of the regime, have found themselves being taxed up to 90 percent of their profits. Many simply gave up. In the countryside the law of May 1986 was used by local party officials to declare war on the private farm produce of individual peasants (working their personal lots) in what must have seemed to many of the latter a savage

LIBERAL ARTS

POST-PORN MODERNISM AND THE NEA

The New York Council for the Arts receives $500,000 in unrestricted funds from the National Endowment for the Arts every year. As recently reported in a newsletter from California Congressman Dana Rohrabacher, this council chose to spend $25,000 on a performance series at The Kitchen in New York entitled "Annie Sprinkle: Post Porn Modernist."

Sprinkle is the star of some 150 explicit, XXX-rated videos, and she performed her New York act twelve times. Her taxpayer-supported skit included acts that cannot be described in a family magazine, but they were certainly in the triple-X tradition.

John Frohnmayer, chairman of the NEA, defended the grant, saying: "The point is we are not the moral arbiter of this country." The executive director of The Kitchen, Bobbi Tsumagari, defended the "artistic quality" of Sprinkle's show, defining it as "a critical look at Sprinkle's personal experiences dealing with some of the most important issues of our time."

Sprinkle was more candid. As she said on stage, "Usually I get paid a lot of money for this, but tonight it's government funded."

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resumption of the Stalinist campaign against the kulaks. One result has been the present catastrophic situation in food supplies all over the Soviet Union. As one of Radio Liberty's Munich analysts recently observed, "Sugar is rationed in Moscow, and the only reason that many other goods such as soap, cooking oil, and meat are not rationed is that there is not enough available to ration."

The recent disappearance from shops all over the Soviet Union of washing and laundry soaps of all kinds can be held up as a typical example of why Gorbachevian *perestroika* has been such a fiasco to date. In a detailed article published last November in Radio Liberty's weekly *Report on the USSR*, D.J. Petersen pointed out that the current soap shortage is the result of a panic fear of impending shortage on the part of millions of Soviet housewives, who during the last months of 1988 began rushing to the nearest store to buy up all the soap they could lay their hands on. A similar panic fear with similar results swept the U.S.S.R. in 1980 and 1981. Yet, paradoxically, soap production in the Soviet Union has (at any rate on paper) been steadily rising from year to year. In 1988, for example, it reached a level of 7.88 kilograms of soap for every man, woman, and child in the country—a level comparable to those found in relatively "advanced" countries like Finland and Japan. However—and this to me was an eye-opener—it turns out that all of the synthetic laundry detergents offered to consumers in the Soviet Union use sulphanol as their primary active ingredient, and, to quote D.J. Petersen, "all of the sulphanol for the production of Soviet laundry detergent comes from the Khimprom enterprise located at Sumgait, Azerbaijan. It was decided in the 1970s that Khimprom would be the sole supplier of sulphanol, despite the fact that, when shipped great distances in its prepared form, the sulphanol becomes compressed and is thus rendered useless. As a result, the sulphanol must now be diluted with an equal amount of water and transported in liquid form. This has doubled the shipping costs and subjected it to the vagaries of the workings of the rail networks even more. In the eyes of the planners, though, one central source made life easy, while, for the politicians, it represented a nice reward for local officials."

Can one imagine a situation in America whereby Procter & Gamble, let us say, enjoyed an absolute monopoly on the production of detergent soaps and had decided that, for the sake of simplicity, it would be a good idea to place the one factory producing its most vital ingredient in Florida or New Mexico? The idea would be greeted with howls of laughter. No wonder even David Rockefeller was ruefully forced to admit last year that his once high hopes of being able to do business in the U.S.S.R. had for the most part been frustrated.

While it is impossible to forecast exactly what is going to happen tomorrow to the Soviet Union, one thing at least is certain: the longer it takes Gorbachevian *perestroika* to achieve tangible improvements, the more disruptive are bound to grow the centrifugal forces now at work along the vast periphery of the U.S.S.R. In 1938 the standard of living of Estonians was roughly on a par with that of the Finns. Today, however, the per capita income of Estonians is exactly one quarter of that of their Baltic neighbors to the north. Such is the price that they have had to pay for fifty years of sovietization.

Or let us take another example. So long as Nicolae Ceausescu reigned supreme over a cruelly impoverished Romania, no citizen of the neighboring Moldavian republic would have dreamed of demanding an eventual reunification of this province (artificially annexed and incorporated into the U.S.S.R. in 1940) with the Romanian "motherland." But no sooner had the hated *Conducator* disappeared from the scene than the cry "*Re-u-ni-fi-ca-tion!*" could be heard in the streets of Iasi—uttered not by local Romanians but by "Bessarabians" from the Moldavian capital of Kishinev, who only a few weeks before had blocked the official military parade commemorating the November 7th anniversary of the "glorious" Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 and who, on November 10, had stormed and wrecked the Interior Ministry building to protest the beating of demonstrators by police and soldiers. Since the majority of the four and a half million citizens of the Soviet Moldavian Republic are ethnic Romanians who can now tune their radios and televisions to the uncensored broadcasts of Radio Bucharest, the gravitational attraction is likely to prove irresistible if Big Brother in distant Moscow cannot make life more attractive.

* * *

What we have been witnessing over the past seven or eight months has not only been an extraordinary "acceleration of history"—a phrase now on everybody's lips. This acceleration has been accompanied by the sound of hoofbeats from the past. Years ago, by cleverly adapting a common French adage—*Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop* (Drive out what is natural, and it will return at a gallop)—the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset defined history as *lo que vuelve al galope*—that which returns at a gallop. Today, everywhere in Central and Eastern Europe, the historic past that Stalin and his fellow revolutionaries strove so brutally to drive out and to trample underfoot, is returning at a gallop—as, sooner or later, was bound to happen.

For a long time the official "think-

LIBERAL ARTS

LISTEN, ANIMAL RIGHTISTS, HE'S AN ARTIST!

Last January a Vancouver artist called off his plan to squash a rat called "Sniffy" between two canvases when the 55-pound block he intended to use was stolen. The artist, Rick Gibson, told the 300 people who had gathered to witness the event that animal rightists were responsible for the theft. Gibson then returned Sniffy to the pet store where he had bought him. Upon hearing that the rat was to become lunch for a hungry snake, a group of activists once again came to Sniffy's rescue by buying him and placing him in a two-story "rat-home."

As the Associated Press reported the story, animal rightists had tried to have Gibson's "art" declared illegal, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said there was nothing illegal about killing Sniffy, provided he died a quick and painless death. Before the event, Gibson had said that Sniffy's squashed remains would have created a "thought-provoking diptych."

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ing" of the West was dominated by the Kissingerian notion that the essential aim of our diplomacy should be not to "rock the boat" lest a "provocative" attitude on our part exacerbate the pent-up grievances of one or another "satellite" country, encouraging new eruptions—like that of Budapest in 1956 or of Prague in 1968. This made us in effect the diplomatic accomplices of the Brezhnevian process of "normalization." Today, far from having disappeared in the undertow of recent history, this apprehensive attitude still lingers on, the current fear being that the ferments of "liberation" now at work in Central and Eastern Europe are going to get out of hand and "destabilize" the continent. At the height of the Romanian crisis last December, Jacques Chirac, the former French premier and still the mayor of Paris, could find nothing better to do than to berate President Mitterrand for not having begged the Soviet Union to intervene militarily on behalf of the anti-Ceausescu "freedom fighters" who were battling the hated diehards of the *Sicuritate*. It is a measure of the diplomatic miracle Gorbachev has been able to pull off that in just five years he has transformed the image of his country from that of an aggressive and invading bully (Afghanistan) into that of a champion of the downtrodden and oppressed! As Françoise Thom rightly observes, Gorbachev may have failed dismally on the domestic front, but, like Lenin, to whom he still pays official homage, he has been brilliantly successful in the field of international relations.

There has even recently been pessimistic talk of a possible "Balkanization" of Eastern Europe, likely to return the continent back to what it was in 1919, or even in 1914, on the eve of the First World War. We would do well to beware of such phony historical parallels, which by prolonging the blackmail threat of "destabilization," justify the former jailer's superpower status as—of all things!—the guardian of peace and security in Eastern Europe. What made the situation so explosive from 1890 until 1914 was the imperial rivalry of two, or perhaps we should say three, European powers—Russia, Austria, and Germany—as Ottoman influence and authority receded. But today, with Austria reduced to a relatively small "heartland" of eight million inhabitants, and countries like Hungary, Romania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia all quietly or defiantly ridding themselves of Soviet influence, no such great-power confrontation exists in the Balkans.

As for the "parallel" with 1919, it is even less apt. Bolshevism, described by Marshal Ferdinand Foch as "the disease of defeated countries," was then a new revolutionary force that, after sweeping over Russia and spreading to Hungary, seemed for several turbulent years about to triumph in Germany—where the last "Workers-and-Soldiers" republic was not forcibly subdued by troops of the Weimar republic until 1924. But today Bolshevism is clearly a spent ideological force, while the nationalistic resentments created by the Treaty of Versailles have been replaced in Germany by a sense of economic pride that may seem overbearing to some, but whose roots—satisfaction in work well done—go back centuries to the industrious Germany of Martin Luther and Albrecht Dürer.

Even the often expressed dread that, if Gorbachev goes, the party hardliners and even perhaps the Soviet army generals will take over, strikes me as farfetched and one more prolongation of the Kissingerian mythology. For in the absence of a charismatic personality able to replace Gorbachev, there is nobody in the U.S.S.R. today who could conceivably hold its diverse components together, and particularly not for a campaign of military or ideological reconquest of Europe. Quite aside from the bitter resistance any such effort would encounter on the part of Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Romanians, and even Bulgarians (far less pro-Russian, according to the late, poisoned-umbrella-assassinated Georgii Markov, than is generally supposed), any such attempt to "turn back the tide of history" would be furiously contested inside the U.S.S.R. itself, where already in the Baltic states local politicians are insisting that their Estonian, Latvian, or Lithuanian fellow-citizens not be forced to serve their compulsory terms of military service outside of their Baltic homelands.

This does not mean that we can now happily go back to sleep and withdraw all of our troops from a superannuated NATO—which is more or less what Strobe Talbott and other "doves" are suggesting. Military vigilance in these turbulent times is more indispensable than ever. But it is high time that we stopped wringing our hands over the prospects of destabilizing "catastrophes," which only too often in the past have paralyzed our national will and so blurred our vision that we no longer knew who our true friends, and indeed our "allies," in Central and Eastern Europe really were.

Historian and biographer Curtis Cate writes from Paris and is the author of The Ides of August, *which deals with the Berlin Wall crisis of 1961.*

LIBERAL ARTS

LAW AND ETHICS, SWEDISH STYLE

SKOVDE, Sweden—A policeman with a sweet tooth was turned in by his partner for shoplifting a 2-cent piece of candy, but the state refused to prosecute the case.

. . . Prosecutor Krister Waern said the charge was dropped because the candy-store owner previously had offered treats to police when they came to his shop late at night to turn off false alarms.

Other police in Skovde, in south-central Sweden, agreed the officer was wrong to take the candy but said his partner should not have reported him.

The officer was not identified, in keeping with Swedish law.

—*AP, January 7, 1990*

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COMMONWEAL

Jeanne Berg

Women in Arms

by Brian Mitchell

What Happened in Panama

◆

Lies can't live forever, as we have seen recently in Eastern Europe. One result of the American invasion of Panama may be that, despite the best efforts of the United States Army, Americans will finally learn the truth about women in the military.

It didn't take long for the truth to come out of Panama. First we heard that a female officer, Army Captain Linda Bray, had led a platoon of MP's (military policepeople) in an attack against a "heavily defended" attack-dog kennel. Three Panamanian soldiers were killed in a three-hour firefight that climaxed with a daring assault by Bray herself, who—said one press report—crashed her jeep through the gates of the kennel while blazing away with her machine gun. One of Bray's female soldiers even "single-handedly captured an enemy prisoner."

A week later, we heard another story. Unnamed Army officers were quoted saying the original report of Bray's heroics was "grossly exaggerated." The kennel was lightly held, the firefight lasted only ten minutes, and there was no one killed or injured. Bray was not present during the firefight but was a half-mile away at her command post. After arriving at the scene, she did not crash through the gate in her jeep; she stood aside while her driver used the jeep to force the gate open. The lone Panamanian captured was a harmless fellow who showed up after the fight to check on the dogs. The real enemy got away.

There is no denying that everything could have happened the way the first report said it did. Nothing in the first report is beyond belief. But neither is there any doubt that the handling of the episode by the press and the Army was typical of the way the issue of women in the military has been handled for some time now.

The present role of women in our military was built upon exaggeration and deceit. The good that military women do is always exaggerated, while the problems they cause are swept under the rug. The press tends to limit its coverage of the issue to profiles of individual servicewomen who are supposed to be able to perform their jobs as well as any man. Rarely is there any attempt to go beyond these images of success to discuss such complex problems as pregnancy, single-parenthood, and fraternization. When such problems are mentioned at all, they are invariably blamed on the services. If only the services provided more child care, if only they added sex education to the training schedule, if only local commanders demonstrated a little more leadership, such problems would go away. Or so some would have us believe.

Without doubt, media coverage of women in the military has been both shallow and heavily slanted in favor of a wider military role for women, but it would be wrong to blame the press alone for the distortions foisted upon the American public. The greater share of blame should go to the military, which has been feeding the press half-truths and outright lies for many years now.

Panama also gave us a good example of the military's in-house deceitfulness on the subject of women. Two weeks after we learned the truth about Captain Bray, CBS News reported that two female truck drivers stood accused of cowardice in the face of the enemy for tearfully refusing to drive a company of Rangers to the site of the fiercest fighting. The accusation was leveled by the commander of an infantry battalion the women were supporting, but nothing was done about it until the story made the evening news. Only then did the Army in Panama conduct a hasty investigation, which soldiers in Panama said was intended to protect the women rather than to find the facts.

Just two days after the investigation began, and before it was completed, the Army's public affairs office in the Pentagon publicly absolved the women of any fault. An Army colonel told *USA Today* the women had been driving for nine hours and had asked to be relieved because they were tired and feared they might endanger the lives of their passengers. "Does that indicate cowardice? I don't think so," he was quoted as saying, "They were driving through fire all night long. . . . There's no indication we had anything other than two exhausted soldiers." The *Washington Post* quoted another spokesman saying the women "performed superbly."

None of the spokesmen denied the women had cried before being relieved of their duties, a point not lost on the editors of the *New Republic*, who called the Army's praise of the women "ludicrous and patronizing." The editors of other publications were less critical, however. Most simply reported the Army's excuses on behalf of the women and left it at that. It was an isolated incident, "just two women out of how many others," said a reporter for the independent newspaper *Army Times*, explaining why his paper did not pursue the matter even after receiving additional details of the incident that contradicted statements by the Army.

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Such willingness to overlook evidence contrary to prevailing opinion about women in combat was just what the Army was counting on. All it had to do was wrap the evidence in cellophane and the press would pretend it couldn't see a thing. No one would let on that the Army's story about the women being too tired to drive was ludicrous on the surface. Any soldier too tired to continue his mission after only nine hours on duty is not much of a soldier, or no soldier at all.

Neither would the press bother to verify the Army's account of the incident. If they had, they would have found that the women had not been driving for nine hours "under fire." They had driven only in the first hour of the invasion and had spent the next eight hours safely waiting for their next mission. Nor had the women voiced any concern about their ability to accomplish their mission until they were told it would be dangerous, and among the men at the scene there was no doubt that the women were acting out of fear and not fatigue.

Also, the investigation did not find the women blameless. Rather, it recommended against prosecution because of dubious legal objections. The investigating officer, an Army lawyer, reasoned that the women could not be prosecuted for failing to obey orders because the orders came from someone outside their chain of command and because the spirit of the so-called combat exclusion laws makes it unlawful to order women on a combat mission.

The Army's suppression and distortion of these facts constitutes a shameless, cynical, arrogant cover-up of an event that reflects poorly upon Army women and Army policy. It was a deliberate, and quite successful, attempt to misinform and mislead the American people.

Panama did not prove that women should be combat soldiers. The action was too limited, too short, too safe. Capt. Bray's attack on the dog kennel was little more than "playing army" compared to the horrors men faced at Pork Chop Hill or Bastogne.

Neither did the invasion prove that women should not be combat soldiers, though it did produce evidence to support that position.

Panama did prove that the Army cannot be trusted to tell the truth about women in the military. The politics of the issue are too sensitive, the habit of adhering to the party line too ingrained to permit any honest presentation of the issue or the evidence. Too many high-ranking Army officers don't mind compromising their personal integrity as long as it's in the line of duty. Too many Army spokesmen don't mind saying the stupidest things as long as they think no one will notice.

Brian Mitchell is the author of Weak Link: The Feminization of the American Military. *He is a reporter for the* Navy Times *and lives in Virginia.*

BUSINESS

Jeanne Berg

Trading With Gorbachev

by R. Cort Kirkwood

The Case for Export Controls

◆

It was 1979 and the Carter administration was coming to a close when Larry Brady, the Commerce Department's deputy director for export administration, testified before the Ichord Subcommittee of the House Armed Services panel. Run by conservative Democrat Richard Ichord, the subcommittee was trying to determine whether the Kama River Truck plant, which was built with American technology, was producing trucks and other items for the Soviet military. The National Security and Defense Intelligence Agencies had received hard intelligence that Kama was producing military hardware, a fact that could have grave consequences for Jimmy Carter's accommodationist policies, and that prompted one administration official to deny the truth to Ichord.

"Do you agree, Mr. Brady?" Ichord asked. "No," came Brady's reverberating reply. It turned out that a representative from IBM installing computer software at the plant had observed Soviet personnel in military uniforms pacing Kama River's floor, clipboards in hand, jotting notes and barking orders in Russian. Kama River was not only producing trucks that took the Red Army into Afghanistan, but also 12-cylinder tank engines.

Thus did U.S.-Soviet trade in general and technology security in particular become a campaign issue for Governor Ronald Reagan, who cited Brady in speeches and promised him a job in his administration. Before Brady, no one in government had really focused on the matter, a state of affairs that would end almost immediately when Reagan took office. At the end of his first term, the high-tech and economic security appointees had so thoroughly frustrated the Soviets and their shills in the pro-trade lobby that they mounted an all-out effort to rid the administration of Reaganesque hard-liners. They succeeded, and by the end of Reagan's second term, when the "Evil Empire" rhetoric and his closest advisors were canned and became little more than a bad memory for Nancy Reagan and Michael Deaver, the plans had been laid for a renewed program of economic and technological aid for the Soviet Union that would exceed anything anyone had thought possible in 1980.

George Bush and his advisors are going at it hammer and tongs with the NATO allies and Eastern Europeans to bring those plans to fruition. For instance, the administration initiated a billion-dollar program of financial assistance to Hungary and Poland, supposedly to assist the development of free market economic systems in each country. Included in the bag of goodies are U.S. taxpayer subsidies to encourage American business investment. Democratic lawmakers are proposing another

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$500 million. Another facet of the plan to "democratize" the Evil Empire is relaxing and even eliminating export controls on technology even *our* Defense Department hasn't incorporated into the most advanced American weapons systems.

While these hastily-made policies are aimed primarily at Eastern Europe for now, they will soon be applied to the Soviet Union, if the administration's rhetoric and recent congressional hearings are any indication. The peril is that U.S. policymakers are giving up too much too soon in expectation of a sea change in the adversarial relationship of the East and West that may never materialize.

As he has often said, Mr. Bush wants to revitalize the Soviet economy and thereby boost the fortunes of *perestroika* and *glasnost*. In announcing last year's Maltese confabulation with Mikhail Gorbachev, Bush said, "What I want to make clear to Mr. Gorbachev, is that we do want to see [*perestroika*] succeed." The thought is that if *perestroika* prospers, we can wean Eastern Europe away from Moscow and the Warsaw Pact will beat its swords into plowshares, after which the Soviet Union will become some sort of democracy and desist as a military threat to the United States. The scenario is a firm article of faith in the Bush administration.

The U.S. business community, sniffing profits in the provinces of Muscovy, is foursquare behind Mr. Bush's plan, which includes forging a new trade agreement with Moscow. Of some twenty businessmen who testified before the House Ways and Means Committee on January 30 and 31, only one opposed selling the store to the Soviet bloc. Pepsico's Donald Kendall, Dresser Industries' John Murphy, Armco's Kempton Jenkins, and even a representative from an outfit known as the Emergency Committee for American Trade, all testified in favor of dramatically curtailing U.S. export controls such as the Jackson-Vanik provisions that block trade because of Soviet emigration policies. They believe the U.S. should revise the Export Administration Act, which imposes national security controls on high technology exports, and that the taxpayer-subsidized Export-Import Bank and Overseas Private Investment Corporation should subsidize the American corporate expedition behind the tattered Iron Curtain. The United States should also grant the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies Most Favored Nation status, which would "normalize" trade relations by dropping U.S. export barriers to products from the East. Finally, the Soviet Union would be recruited for membership in the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

An ambitious agenda. Corporate America's main point is that trade restrictions of any kind cost American companies a lot of business *vis-à-vis* European and Japanese competitors, with no corresponding benefit to American national security or foreign policy goals. Dresser Industries' Washington lobbyist Ardon Judd told me that Jackson-Vanik controls on oil and gas equipment cut the U.S. share of sales in that market from 25 percent of the world market to less than 2 percent. "We lost billions of dollars and thousands of jobs in what used to be an industry in which we had a real position of primacy," Judd says. But Judd and his colleagues believe such controls hurt U.S. national security as well, because the U.S., having lost its leading market share of such technology, "has no control over the sale of gas and oil equipment." Besides, now that Eastern Europe has been democratized, they ask, what's the point in blocking trade? A spokesman for the American Committee on U.S.-Soviet Relations, which wants to drop all export controls that prevent high technology from flowing east, says "there's no capability" in Czechoslovakia, Poland, or Hungary to make war on the West. But even if there is such a capability, some businessmen aren't worried about it.

The Advisory Committee for Trade Policy and Negotiations boldly suggested in a 51-page report to the President: "The convergence of economic and political change in Europe is placing new strain on the ability of the U.S. to unilaterally control the flow of sensitive technologies that could enhance Soviet military capabilities." Confirming this view, a highly-placed government official frankly admits that "certain equipment may end up in the wrong hands," and that "that's a risk we have to take" to push the East toward democratization.

Whatever the impact on corporate America's bottom line, Reagan-era export controls dramatically fortified U.S. national security. Thanks to Reagan's Senior-Inter Agency Group for International Economic Policy (SIG-IEP), which included officials from the national security community and State and Commerce departments, the U.S. lead in important, militarily useful technology was fortuitously enlarged. Under SIG-IEP's guidance the administration ran up a string of policy successes. It impeded the flow of high-tech goods to Moscow, pushed our allies into eliminating government-backed credits to Moscow, persuaded the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development to eliminate similar subsidies, and convinced the International Energy Agency to cap Soviet natural gas imports at 1982 levels. SIG-IEP was so effective in controlling policy that in June 1983 NATO issued a communiqué emphasizing the new trade-security consciousness of the allies, a point reiterated at the 1983 Williamsburg Economic Summit. President Reagan also put some new teeth in the Coordinating Committee for Multilateral Export Control (COCOM), which regulates trade with the communist world.

According to the files of one high-tech firm, the Reagan administration's trade policies bore delicious fruit:

*"A major slowdown in the Soviets' ability to incorporate Western technology into their military systems;

*"An extension of the gap in semiconductors, which had narrowed to a dangerous 1-2 years in 1981 to 7-9 years in 1988;

*"A real decline in Soviet computer output and in quality, widening the Western lead over the Soviets to 15 years or more;

*"An inability of the Soviets to devise technological means to answer the Strategic Defense Initiative;

*"An explicit recognition by distinguished Soviet scientists that the Soviets had little or no possibility of producing supercomputers like the Cray;

*"A near blockade of turnkey factories in critical areas such as microcomputers, electronics, and advanced materials;

*"A significant rise in Soviet failures to achieve readiness and increasing

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evidence of the failure to maintain advanced systems in the field;

*"Clear indications of the decline in Soviet military prestige."

But it wasn't long before the SIGIEP was tossed overboard in a dramatic coup (see sidebar) that led to the eventual enthronement of William Verity, a veteran rope salesman, as chief of the Commerce Department. In trips to the Soviet Union and in a secret meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev, Verity laid the groundwork for the trade policies Mr. Bush has proposed over the first year of his administration, including dropping high-tech export controls.

A look at what the Soviet Union has accomplished by stealing technology reveals how important such controls are. The Pentagon reports that "virtually every Soviet long- and short-term research project for military systems—well over four thousand in the late 1970s and well over five thousand in the early 1980s—is benefiting from the documents and hardware of at least a dozen Western countries," most notably the United States. In early February, Pentagon investigators began snooping around to find out whether a Swiss company sold high-tech machine tools and the plans to manufacture them to the Soviet Union. Before that, they learned that Olivetti sold the Soviet Union $25 million worth of computer-driven machines to help make Yak-41 vertical-takeoff supersonic fighters. The Olivetti case inadvertently disclosed to the public, Kenneth Timmerman reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, that since 1983 our European allies and Japan have shipped 6,000 embargoed machine tools to the Soviet Union that were directly diverted to the Soviet military. In July, Japanese authorities discovered that a company called Prometron illegally diverted to East Germany several 4,500-pound machines known as "mask aligners," which are used to produce semiconductors. Yet another major coup for the Soviet Union was purchasing a milling machine from Toshiba to make super-silent submarine propellers. That sale alone may cost U.S. taxpayers some $30 billion in new research to develop technology superior to what Toshiba handed over.

The Soviets have also acquired technology for the F-18 lookdown, shoot-down radar; air-to-air missiles; armor piercing tank rounds; cluster bombs; space-based photoreconnaissance systems; infrared image processors; cruise missiles; anti-ballistic missile radar design; over-the-horizon radar; laser weapons; and a wide range of powerful computers and peripheral technology.

Democratization of the East isn't the point. U.S. officials need to know how the Warsaw Pact and Soviet Union will use increased aid and trade. Unhappily, this fact hasn't put the brakes on the utopian effort to drop as many high-tech export controls as possible.

A small sampling of the Commerce Department's recent decisions taken over the Pentagon's objections illustrate the problem. The department approved Honeywell Corporation's license to sell its TDC 3000 computer to the Soviet Union for automated industrial control of fertilizer production. The Department of Energy uses a similar machine to run its atom bomb plants. The Commerce Department has also dropped controls on computers ten times more powerful than anything our Defense Department even plans to use. Wire bonders, the machines that can "sew" wire leads onto semiconductors the size of a fingernail in a second, have also been decontrolled. High-grade polysilicon used to make computer chips that process information at ultrasonic speeds are also headed east.

Top experts inside and outside government say the Soviet bloc not only doesn't have the ability to produce this technology indigenously, but also doesn't have the ability to use it in their civilian economy. How will the Soviet bloc's "private sector," which needs to produce potatoes and meat and shoes and socks, use or even buy wire bonders, polysilicon, and computers? Pro-trade government bureaucrats and businessmen can't say. But even if they could, Soviet and East bloc consumers don't earn enough money to buy high technology or the goods high-tech machines can make. As the *New York Times* reported when McDonald's opened in Moscow, a Big Mac, cheeseburger, apple pie, and two milkshakes costs four days' salary. As former Assistant Defense Secretary Frank Gaffney notes, the Soviet bloc's "needs are for equipment that lends itself to efficient production of *consumer goods* and food—not state-of-the-art warplanes. The manufacture of competitive export goods can be easily satisfied *within the existing*" export control standards. In other words, increasing high-tech exports will not free the Warsaw Pact's citizens, it will strengthen the Warsaw Pact's armies.

Nevertheless, Control Data may receive permission for the sale of six Cyber 962 computers, five times more powerful than any machine in the Soviet inventory, supposedly to improve the safety of civilian nuclear power plants. Like Honeywell's TDC 3000, this technology could easily be transferred to the military. Innovation International received approval for a joint venture to assemble one million personal computers capable of processing one million instructions per second. At $20,000 a whop, this is hardly the kind of technology the average Soviet schoolboy will use to play flight simulator.

Joint ventures with the Soviet government, wherein Moscow owns 51 percent and the company owns 49 percent, have become the new way to do business there. How these state-managed enterprises forward the cause of the free market is anyone's guess, but American and European companies have leaped at the chance to do business with Moscow's corporate socialists.

According to the *Financial Times* of London, more than one thousand joint ventures have been registered in the Soviet Union. About 330 of the businesses are West European, 247 are East European, 86 are American, and 18 are Japanese. All totaled, the Warsaw Pact has signed 3,330 joint-venture agreements, most of them with the West.

Apologists for corporate America's journey east say most of the joint ventures entail the "service" sector, referring to Pushkin Square's newly opened McDonald's or Pepsico's unfulfilled dream of opening a Pizza Hut chain. But not all the joint ventures are so innocent. Combustion Engineering, Stamford, Connecticut's oil production and engineering firm, will invest $2 billion with the Finnish Neste Corporation to operate a petrochemical plant in Siberia. According to the International Trade Commission,

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Combustion Engineering also signed a joint venture in 1987 to provide "design engineering, production, and installation of automated controls systems for the oil, petrochemical, and chemical industries." Joint venture advocates say oil and gas technology isn't strategically useful. Yet Roger Robinson, the only businessman who spoke out against increased trade and subsidies during January's congressional hearings, notes that "80-90 percent of Soviet annual hard currency earnings stem from just four export items—oil, gas, arms, and gold," with oil comprising nearly 70 percent of the total. Yet Chevron and Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum are drilling away on behalf of the Soviet oil minister.

Other American companies that will produce strategic commodities for the Soviet bloc include Interconcepts Inc. (PC's and software), Honeywell (automated systems), Dresser Industries (oil production equipment), Siber Inc. (computer software), Berusa International (turnkey automated systems using microprocessor technology), Sheldon Trading Company (natural gas production), and Slays Commerce Corporation (a joint venture to launch commercial and scientific satellites). U.S. West wants to lay a 500-million-dollar, 12,000-mile fiber optic cable linking the U.S.S.R.'s 11 time zones. Sure enough, fiber-optics will enable a Siberian *babushka* to reach out and touch her granddaughter in Moscow, but it will also enhance the security of the Red Army's military communications, making them less susceptible to Western intercepts. Meanwhile, Gulfstream Aerospace will join the Sukhoi airplane concern, best known for building the Su-25 jet fighter used to slaughter Afghans, in building a supersonic "business" jet. Reynolds Metal Company of Richmond, Virginia, has joined forces with two Italian companies to build an aluminum foil factory in Siberia, while Gillette wants to build a $50 million factory to make 800 million razor blades annually. American Telephone and Telegraph is asking the government for permission to enter a joint venture agreement with the Soviet Intersputnik Company to use its satellites for voice and data services.

Clearly, American and European businessmen are prepared to rebuild the Warsaw Pact's industrial infrastructure from the ground up. The potential for abuse on some of these projects is incalculable, if only because American businessmen don't have the means to enforce promises that the technology, once installed, won't be diverted to the military.

When Henry Ford II went to kick the tires on the Kama River truck plant, the Soviets assured him the trucks would be used for peaceful purposes. They lied. They not only built trucks for the Red Army, but also broke down and stole the machine tool technology used on the assembly line. Neither Ford nor the United States government could do anything about it. The sad thing is that now there's no effort to sequester technology from the Soviet military, as Gulfstream's venture with the Sukhoi jet fighter concern shows.

The latest corporate endeavor in the Soviet Union has a lot in common with those of years past. "New thinking" has emerged in the Soviet leadership. A "closet liberal" will reform communism. Revolutionary changes are sweeping the Warsaw Pact. Democratization is at hand. Even if these things are true, Western government and business leaders have closed their eyes to the fact that our adversaries in Red Square and in the capitals of Eastern Europe still have their guns and bombs trained on the United States. Soviet defense spending has increased 3 percent annually during the Gorbachev reign. Warsaw Pact spy agencies, Senate and top government officials confirm, continue spying on us. And the KGB has intensified its efforts to steal technology as the Red Army modernizes its nuclear rocket force. Gorbachev warns that he remains a "convinced communist": "When accusations of 'exporting revolution' are replaced with calls for 'exporting capitalism,' we have at hand a dangerous manifestation of old thinking." Indeed we do. While U.S. officials were dreaming of a Soviet Empire shrinking behind the border of the Russian Republic, Soviet-backed forces in Angola launched a blitzkrieg against the American-backed Jonas Savimbi. When George Bush was preparing for his floating summit in December, the Soviet-backed FMLN continued its campaign of terror in El Salvador. As East Europeans danced on communism's grave, some Angolans and Salvadorans were buried in it.

The goal of American policy should be the burial of the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact. More than anything, Mikhail Gorbachev and his allies need American aid and trade to survive. If we deny it, they are doomed. That's why, in a time of decreasing defense budgets, transferring technology to the Soviet bloc in exchange for promises of peace and democracy is a deranged policy. The democratization of the Soviet bloc may or may not be in the interest of the United States.

R. Cort Kirkwood is an editorialist for the Washington Times.

LIBERAL ARTS

FAITHFUL ATTRACTION

There's an "epidemic" of marital fidelity, claims a new Gallup Poll. Nine out of ten people said they've never been unfaithful to their spouses, and 80 percent said they would marry the same person again. The survey attributed the marital happiness primarily to three factors: communication, cooperation in housework and childrearing, and romance.

The findings are in a report entitled "Faithful Attraction," which was sponsored by *Psychology Today* and written by the Reverend Andrew Greeley, the Chicago-based priest, sociologist, and novelist. "That few men or women have affairs despite the widely held impressions that nearly every married person does is an example of what sociologist Hubert O'Gorman calls pluralistic ignorance—erroneous, cognitive beliefs shaped by some individuals about other individuals," the report concluded.

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FIGHTING for SURVIVAL of the family and humanity

Disputes over the family now rage with strange intensity. Many social workers and government planners regard the traditional family as an anachronism, an obstacle to the fulfillment of political ambitions. *Utopia Against the Family* clarifies the cultural and spiritual significance of current debates over family questions. Bryce Christensen identifies the underlying causes of our national retreat from family life, while exposing the mendacity of much "pro-family" rhetoric. Drawing upon utopian literature from Plato to B. F. Skinner, the analysis examines why the modern state expands at the expense of the family.

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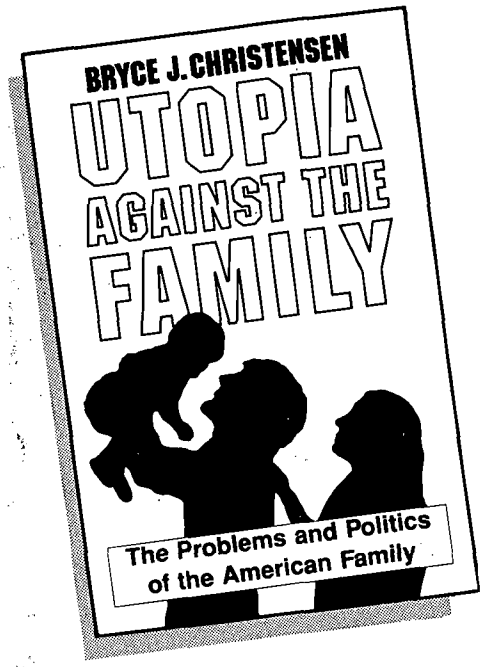

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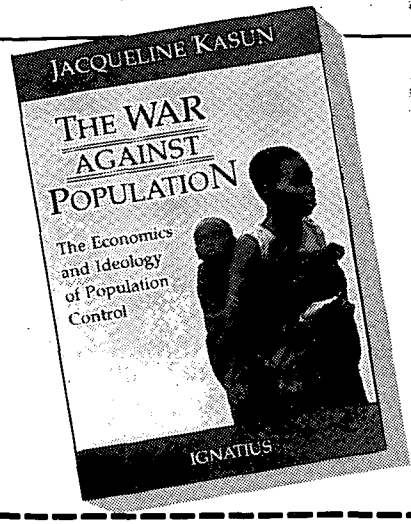

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